

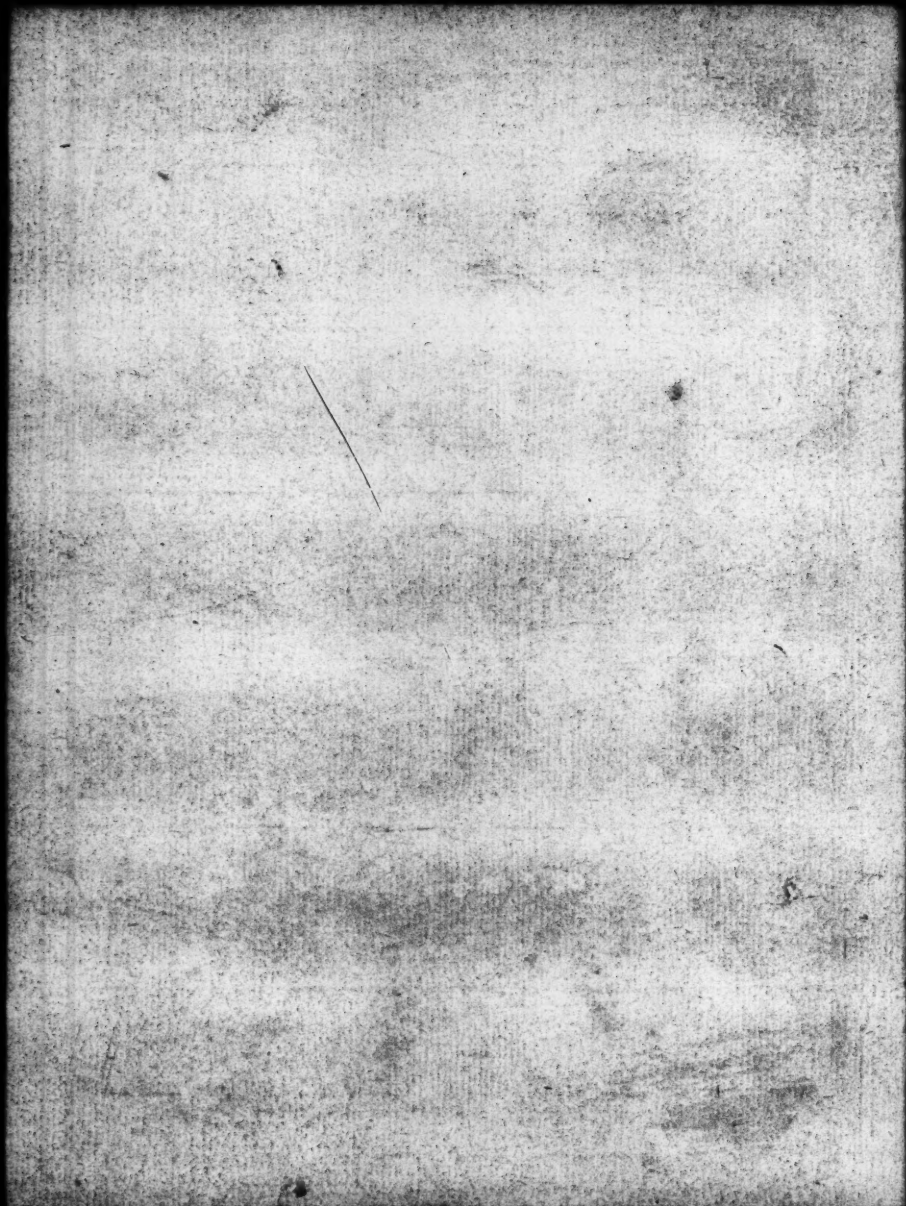
# The Famous History

of Gv r Earle of *Warwicke*.

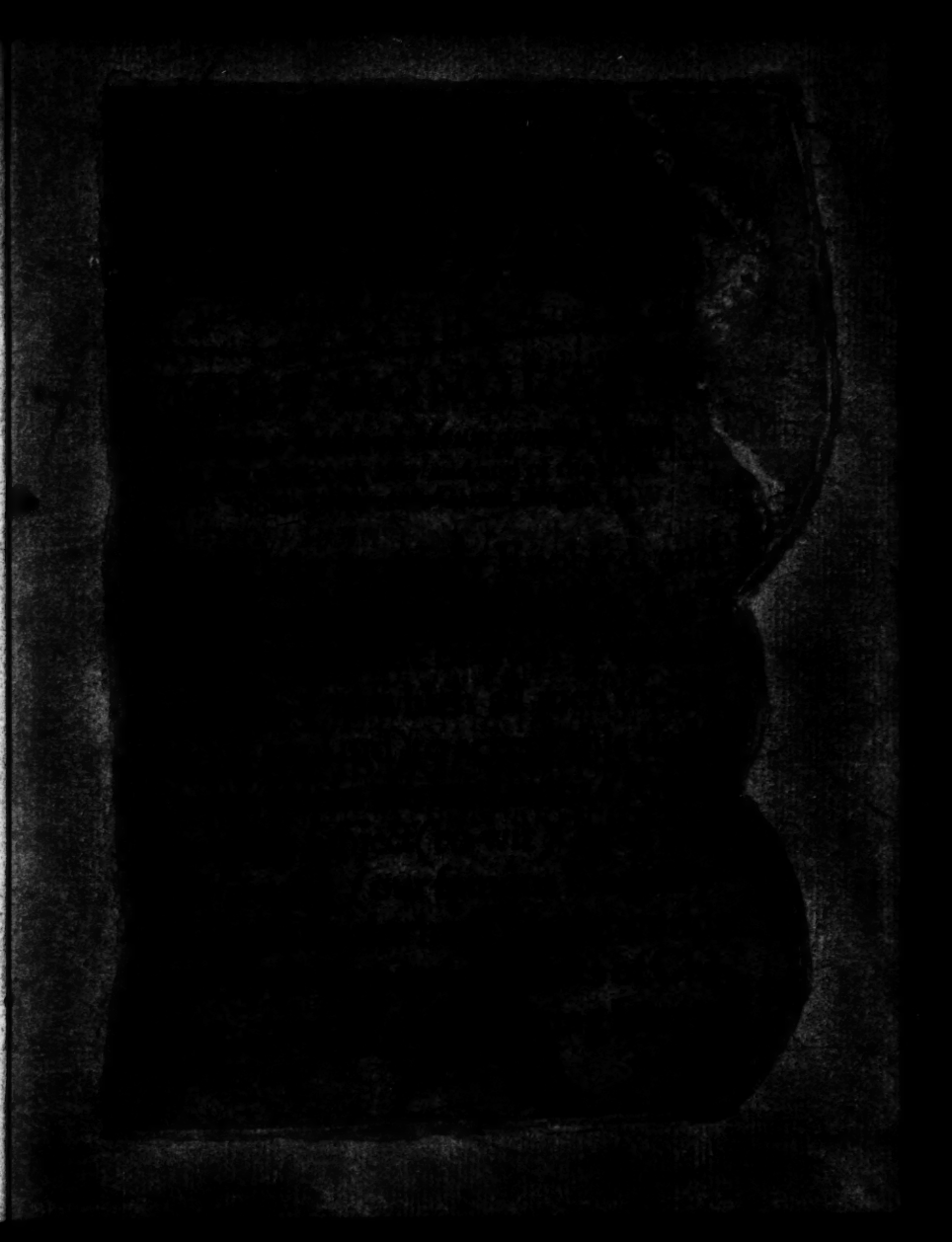
By SAMVEL ROWLANDS.



Printed at London by *Elizabeth All-de*. 1607







*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

all the opposites of himself and this  
Kingdome: the neglecting of whose  
worthie memorie, hath induced my  
more willing then able Muse, to re-  
ve the deeds of this dust-consumed  
Champion, upon whose honorable  
Combate, King *Atbelstone* ventured  
the whole Realm of *England*: Dis-  
dain not therefore (most worthfull  
and precious spirit) in the true affabi-  
litie of your esteemed virtues, to  
vouchsafe the view of these Artlesse  
lines, which in the silence of greater  
sufficiencies, speak onely to keep va-  
lour from oblivious destruction.

*Most humbly devoted*

*to your Honours virtues,*

*SAMUEL ROWLANDS.*

TO



## To the Noble English Nation.

**R** Enowned English! whom our Lines invite,  
To view the acts of Warwick's worthy Knight;  
Whose deeds of old, writ with an antique Pen,  
Have now out-worn the memories of men.  
Most strange in this same Poet plenty age,  
Where Epigrams, and Satyres biting rage;  
Where Paper is employed every day,  
To carry Verse about the Town for pay:  
That Stories should intomb'd in dust & Worthless lie,  
And fame, through ages extant, obscurely die.  
Dare to accept what Recreations hours  
Have spent upon this Country man of ours:  
It seems too far to reach, but in these days,  
We will so much in other Nations praise,  
That we neglect the famousing of our own,  
Which even which full many have been known  
England hath bred such men of valour tried,  
Could match all Kingdoms of the World beside.  
Take here a view of Knight-hood's constant face,  
His bruis'd Armour, and his bloody case:  
His broken Lance, gap'd Faulchion, barbed Shield,  
His valiant Combat with his Face in Field:  
The wounds and scars insculpt upon his flesh,  
His martial fights renown'd each day as fresh:  
His reasons that did animate to Arms,  
His freeing kinder Ladies from their harms:  
His hack'd Target, smother'd splinter'd spears,  
His killing Serpents, savage Bore, and bears.

## The Epistle.

Then looke on some, in ages since be-knighted,  
Who never were with Martial deeds delighted;  
That are no kin to them which went of old  
In Iron Armour, these are Knights in gold;  
And you shall see that one goth wear the Name,  
When th' others actions merit for the same.  
The same for merit was renowned Guy,  
A Champion that his fame with blood did buy;  
And never held his life in coward fear,  
But ventur'd it at point of sword and spear:  
He was a prodigal of life and lim,  
And bade all welcome, came to fight with him:  
Were it a Giant like to Gogmagog,  
Or Cerberus, that Triple-headed Dog,  
Or he that often did Olympus climb,  
And was the onely Club-man of his time,  
Great Hercules, if he had breath'd on ground,  
When English Guy of Warwick lie'd renown'd,  
There would have been a combat 'twixt them two,  
To try what stonks Alcides force could do:  
Or Hector, whose applia'd the world doth know,  
Or fierce Achilles, fearful to his Face,  
Had all these liv'd together in an age,  
They had been Combatants, the earth their Stage.  
Kind English, yield unto your Country-man  
A gentle entertainment as you can:  
Though he lie quiet now transform'd to dust,  
Sleeping in death, as other Mortalls must,  
With your life-giving breath, revive his Fame,  
That hath deserv'd in honourable name,  
And having view'd his actions, rest with me,  
That all the Knights we have, were such as he;

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To the Honourable  
**LADIES of ENGLAND.**

**L**adies, in elder times your Sex did need  
Knighthoods true Valour to defend your Rights,  
Of admirable Actions we do read,  
Have been atcheiv'd in cruel bloody fights,  
Full ugly Serpents were destroy'd and slain,  
Strange Monsters mangled, Giants hew'd in twain.

But who deserv'd more in such enterprize  
Than worthy *English*, bred where we are born?  
Such as did ease and idleness despise:  
For Armour more by them than silk was worn.  
These were the Champions, that for Ladies good,  
Would bleed as long as they had drops of blood.

Such as Sir *GUY*, whose story here we tell,  
Valours renowned honourable man:  
He lov'd your Kind (in heart exceeding well),  
How can you chuse but love his Legend then?  
Bestow the reading of it, if you please,  
Gainst melancholy, that same Dull Disease.

*Samuel Rowland.*

THE



## The Argument.

**G**UY of Warwick (Son to Earl RO B A N D's Steward) (blooming youth of Natures spring), fell in love with the Earls fair Daughter Phælice, whose disdain of him, in that he was but a mean Gentleman, and not by birth answerable to her honourable estate, did afflict his tormented mind with most distressed passions, till in a vision Cupid presents her with a picture of Mars, enjoyns her to love Guy, as the admired Champion of Christendom. Upon this she yieldeth affection, on Condition of Adventures, which to atchieve, he departs into France, and shortly returns with Trophies of Victory, and Prizes of Honour; But Phælice not satisfied therewith, he leaves England again, performing in foreign Countries wonderful Acts: Then returning, marries his Love, whom after forty days he leaves, departing on Pilgrimage to the Holy-land, effecting in that Journey many strange things: Then supposed to be dead, comes back disguised, and out worn to memory, and fights a Combat for Athelstone, killed Colbrona, the Giant of Denmark, freeing thereby the Kingdom from Invasion. After that, lives obscurely in a Cave, and comes for Alms to his own Castle, not revealing himself till the hour of his death; and then he sent his Lady a Ring, by which token she knew her husband, and came most wofully to close up his eyes; dying her self shortly after him, for very grief and extreame sorrow.

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THE  
FAMOUS HISTORY  
OF

Guy Earlof Warwick.

|||||  
In Nature's green unmellowed years  
Cupid tormenteth Guy;  
Inthralls his heart to Phœlice love,  
by object of the eye.  
|||||

CANTO I.

WHen dreadful Mars in Armor every day  
Lov'd stately Juno and Bellona best,  
Before he knew the Court where Venus lay,  
For then he took himself to ease and rest;  
When all his Thoughts unto the proof were steel'd,  
And all his Actions manag'd in the field.  
A Knight of his (a worthy English man)  
That went like him, clad in an Iron Coat,  
In Warwick, with the worlds applaud began  
To be a man of admirable note:  
Such was the Valour he ascended by,  
That Pagans trembled at the Name of Guy.  
This man compos'd of courage, full of sprite,  
Of hard adventures, and of great designs.  
To fight with Giants took a chief delight,  
Or search some Cave that Monster undermines;

## The Famous History

Meet with a Bear to make a bloody fray,  
Or combat with a Dragon by the way.  
Yet ere he entertain'd his Love to Arms,  
He grew devoted to the Queen of Love,  
Attempting Beauties Fort with fierce Alarms,  
The victory of such a prize to prove,  
As elder times before could ne're enjoy ;  
A sweeter face than lost old *Priam* Troy.  
*Fair Phelice*, equal match to *Cupid's* Mother;  
A curious creature, and the Kingdoms pride ;  
All spacious *Britain* had not such another,  
For glorious beauty, and good parts beside :  
'Twixt her and *Vulcan's* wife no odds were known,  
But *Venus* had a Mole, and she had none.  
For most directly she had *Venus* hair,  
The same high fore-head, and attractive eye :  
Her cheeks of *Roses* mixt with *Lillies* fair;  
The very lips of perfect *Coral-dye* ;  
Ivory teeth, a dainty rising chin,  
A soft touch, pleasing, smooth, and silken skin.  
With all perfections made a peerless Creature  
From head to foot, she had them every one :  
Mirrour she was of comeliness and feature,  
An *English Phœnix*, supreme fair alone :  
Whom gazing peoples censures thus would grace,  
Beauty lives no where but in *Phelice* face :  
In *Phelice* face (this object of *Guy's* sight)  
Where looks of love, and glances of disdain,  
From thence sometimes his eyes attract delight,  
From thence anon his heart depriveth pain.  
One while sweet smiles do give encouragement,  
Another time stern looks work discontent.  
Thus on Love's Seas, tost by the storms of terror,  
'Twixt present calm, and sudden furious blast ;  
Resolving love, yet finding love in error,  
In freedom chain'd, in liberty bound fast ;  
He sighs that fortune doth so strangely deal,  
To give a wound that Beauty will not heal ;

## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

That Beauty will not heal (quoth he) fond man,  
Thou wrong'st thy self, and thy fair Goddess too;  
By looks to know a womans heart who can?  
And look on her is only all I do:  
I'll take another course more resolute,  
To speak, to write my honest meaning suit.  
But if I should be so, what hope have I  
That she will hear my words, or read my lines  
She is Earl *Roband's* heir, and born too high  
To condescend unto my poor designs:  
Though I a Gentleman by birth am known,  
Earldoms I want, and Lordships I have none.  
O! Women are ambitious out of measure,  
They mount aloft upon the wings of pride;  
And often match more for this worldly Treasure,  
Than any loving cause on earth beside;  
Which makes some wish rather there were no gold,  
Than love for it should base be bought and sold.  
If such she be (as not be such is rare)  
What will my words, or sighs, or tears prevail?  
I enter then a Labyrinth of care,  
And strive against both wind and tide to sail:  
A restless stone with *Sisyphus* I roul,  
And heap continual torments on my soul.  
Then I attempt to fly with waxen wings,  
Where *Phaebus* Chariot burns in brightest flame;  
And shall be censur'd, that in childish things,  
As Love, I have begot eternal shame:  
Rejected and despis'd, in base esteem  
To th' envious world, I shall no better seem.  
But cease, Loves coward, banish thoughts of fear,  
Be resolute, and good success attend thee;  
*Phalices* of force a loving heart must bear,  
If he that shoots love darts of gold befriend thee,  
And by no reason he can be thy foe,  
Because thou lov'st his mothers picture so.  
I am resolv'd: Go on to *Phalices* Bower,  
And from as true a heart as flesh can yield,

## The Famous History

Intreat her hear me in a blessed hour ;  
And with kind pity all my sorrows shield ;  
To look upon me with remorse of mind,  
That holds my life as her love is inclin'd.  
This said, to *Warwick* Castle he repairs,  
Where the rich Jewel of his heart remain'd ;  
Earl *Robart* bids him welcome, and prepaers  
With hunting-sports to have him entertain'd :  
But thereunto unwilling ear he lends,  
And sudden sickness for excuse pretends.  
The Earl much grieved at this alteration,  
Sent his physician for to do him good ;  
Who told *Guy*, that his only preservation,  
Consisted in the present letting blood :  
And that his body in distemperature,  
Was difficult and very hard to cure.  
Doctor (quoth *Guy*) 'tis true I know as much,  
I find my self to be exceeding ill ;  
But there's a flower, which if I might but touch,  
Would heal me better than thy physick's skill :  
'Tis called by a pretty pleasing name,  
And *Phelix* foundeth somewhat near the same.  
Quoth the Physician, Sir, I know it not,  
Nor in the Herbal read of such a flower :  
Yet in this Castle it is to be got ;  
Said *Guy*, it grows not far from yonder Tower.  
I'll find it out my self, Doctor refrain,  
*Galen* ne're had the Art to cure my pain.  
Left in this passion to converse with moan,  
As in a window he did sighing lye.  
In a delightful Garden all alone,  
The Emp'ress of his thoughts he did espy ;  
Which to his soul did much rejoycing bring,  
Fear was depos'd, and Hope was Crowned King.  
Now is the time (quoth he) fair Fortunes Sun  
Shines favourable on my gloomy cares :  
Now may I lend the grief that love begun,  
And boldly ask good hap, how well she fares :

Now



## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Now will I enter into yonder shade,  
To court the worlds admired Beateous Maid.  
*Phelice* I come, assist me (*Cupid*) now,  
Prepare an Arrow ready for thy bow:  
I never went a wooing: Teach me how  
Good action (with good speech) I may bestow:  
But above all things, gentle *Cupid* move her,  
That she believe me, when I swear I love her.  
With speed unto the Garden then he goes,  
Where one of *Phelice* Damsels let him in;  
And in a curious Arbour of repose,  
Finds *Cythera* with her silver skin:  
Whom he salutes with Grace and Majesty.  
Beholding her with Love's inehanting eye.  
Fairest (quoth he) of all the works in Nature,  
Whose Equal never breath'd this common air,  
More wonderful than Earth can yield a creature,  
For every part belonging unto fair,  
Immortal Creature of Coelestial frame,  
Eternal honour still attend thy Name  
I come to thee about the like poor suit,  
That once *Leander* came to *Hero* with,  
Hoping thereby to reap more lovely fruit  
Than *Mars* attain'd when he deceiv'd the smiths:  
Tis only Love that I with heart present;  
Tis only Love must give my soul content.  
Incline (sweet Lady) to my humble motion;  
Compassionte the grief that I endure.  
Regard my life that rests at thy devotion,  
With pity take my dying heart in cure:  
O let it not in groaning torment swell!  
And break in twain, because it loves thee well.  
Great Princes love thee, this I knew before,  
And deeds of honour for thy Name have done;  
But neither King nor Prince can love thee more  
Than doth poor *Guy*, thy Fathers Stewards Son;  
His love to thee is so inestimable,  
To countervail it all: they are not able.

*Phelice*

## The Famous History

*Phælice* thus interrupts his Protestation:  
 No more of Love, cease gentle Youth (quoth she)  
 I have a mind fram'd of another fashion,  
 Virginitie shall live and die with me:  
 Love is compos'd of idleness and play,  
 And leadeth unto vain delights that stray:  
 Besides it ill beseems thee, be so bold,  
 Inferiour and unfit for my degree;  
 And if unto my Father this was told,  
 I know it would procure reproof to thee:  
 That proverb in this point might make thee wise,  
*That Princely Eagles scorn the catching Flies:*  
 And with this answer she departed thence,  
 Leaving poor *Guy* more vexed than before:  
 For now in deep despair of recompence,  
 He never doth expect Love's comfort more;  
 But unto sorrow, sighs and tears doth give,  
 Wishing each day the last he had to live.

\* \* \* \* \*  
*Guy in strange passions for his Love,*  
*great torments doth endure:*  
*Till Phælice sees a Vision, and*  
*Doth yield her Patient cure.*  
 \* \* \* \* \*

### C A N T O I I.

**W**ith tired thoughts remains this woful wight,  
 Distracted in his melancholy mind,  
 Partaking nothing that contains delight,  
 All things are harsh, distastful, out of kind:  
*Phælice* denies him Love; whose sound of breath,  
 Is like the Judge that dooms a man to death:  
 Like to *Orestes* in his frantick fits,  
 He rare the golden tresses from his head;  
 Or mad *Orlando* quite depriv'd of wits,  
 From whom the use of sense and reason fled;

## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

So fares it with this Love-tormented man,  
Whose raging thoughts into disorders ran.  
Society he shuns, and keeps alone,  
Accusing Destiny, and cursing Beauty;  
He hates himself, and is a friend to none,  
Beyond the limits of all love and duty.  
*Venus* (quoth he) how are thy Laws forgot,  
Thus to afflict him that offends thee not?  
What is the cause I am rejected thus?  
Who interrupts my love to Beauties mirror?  
I'll drag him hence to roaring *Erebus*,  
There to be plunged in eternal terror.  
I'll to *Jove's* Court, and there with shouts and cries;  
Make such a clamour as shall rent the skies.  
Shall I be cozen'd as *Orpheus* was?  
Assist me *Thesens* to revenge this wrong.  
Where's *Radamant*, that Justice cannot pass;  
*Euclidice* is sold even for a song:  
Fiends, Furies, Goblins, *Hidra's*, for a fall,  
I am prepar'd to manage with you all.  
I'll mount upon the back of *Pegasus*,  
And in bright *Phabus* flames my self will wrap:  
Then will I tumble windy *Eolus*  
To sleep in *Thetis* watery crystal lap:  
From thence I'll post unto the Torrid Zone,  
To find which way fair *Phelice* Love is gone:  
*Jason* had luck to win the golden fleece;  
I like the skin, but for the horns I care not;  
Fair *Hellen* was a waggish Wench of *Greece*:  
Bold *Mars* will venture, bashful *Venus* cares not.  
Trust a fair face! Not I, let him that list;  
What *Hercules* without a Club in's fist?  
Thus for a time his Senses were deprived,  
Being left by love as blind as *Cupid's* eyes;  
Till Reason to perfection's state revived,  
And extream passions cease to Tyrannize;  
For is a Vision *Phelice* did descry  
The power of Love, and yields her heart to Guy:

Fair

# The Famous History



*Fair Phœlice in a Passion  
Entertains the loves of Guy;  
Injoyning him adventures strange,  
His manly face to try*

*By Morpheus possess'd of quiet sleep,  
In dead of night, when Visions do appear,  
The heart-tormentor, he that piercech deep,  
And maketh Lovers buy their bargain dear,*

*Sends*

## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Sends from his bow a shaft with golden head,  
And wounded *Phelice* in her Maiden-bed.  
Before her he presents a Martial wight,  
Clad all in Armour for Encounters fit;  
And says, *Sweet Virgin*, love this man of might,  
Give him the heart, for he doth merit it;  
For valour, courage, comely shape and limb,  
The world hath not a Champion like to him.  
Great honour ( Lady ) thou shalt gain thereby,  
T<sup>e</sup> adorn thy noble and renowned birth;  
He shall aspire unto such Majesty.  
His Name shall be a terror on the Earth.  
He shall become a Champion unto Kings,  
And by the Sword perform admired things.  
Be not ambitious that thou art high-born;  
Be not disdainful of a mean Estate;  
Be not defiled with the brand of scorn;  
Be not too proud that thou art Beauties mate:  
For 'tis in vain to strive against my bow;  
If I say, *Love*, it must and shall be so.  
Fix not thy thoughts vainly on worldly wealth,  
( Coyn should not be foundation unto Love )  
Corrupted hearts it draws away by stealth;  
These Money-matches cannot happy prove:  
For as the goods of Fortune do decay,  
So love, which they beget, consumes away.  
I know how *Pluto's* golden Treasure sways,  
By devillish and accursed false illusion:  
I know how Womens humours now a-days,  
Run after Riches to their own confusion;  
I see the pleasant with most abject life,  
With Gold enough can buy a dainty Wife.  
But *Phelice*, if thou knew'st as much as I,  
How base the Gods esteem of such abuses,  
When Beauty sells, and Riches comes to buy,  
Which are not made for one another's uses;  
Thou wouldest scorn that Maidens should be sold  
As Cattel are, for Silver and for Gold.



## The Famous History

Love must be simple, harmless, pure and plain,  
And take original from true affection;  
It must reciprocal return again,  
Or else it doth discover imperfection;  
Love's inward thoughts concur in outward deeds,  
Such as from loyalty and truth proceeds;  
Thy Lover comes not for advancement to thee;  
In that thy Father is a worthy Earl;  
It is not Dowry that can cause him woo thee;  
Hadt thou the *Arabian* Gold, or *Indian* Pearl.  
But as great *Jupiter* to *Leda* came  
For a sweet Face, his purpose is the same.  
Therefore sweet Virgin use him kindly well,  
Make much of *Guy*, embrace him for thine own;  
Afford him Love room in thy heart to dwell;  
Let him no longer live in pensive moan:  
But the next time thou dost behold his face,  
Give him encouragement, with kind embrace:  
And with that word (*imbrace*) he shot, and hit  
The very Center of her tender heart;  
Feeling the wound, she starts, awak'd with it,  
Being taught thereby to pity Lovers smart,  
For *Cupid* drew his Arrow to the head,  
Because he would be sure she should be sped.  
With that she fetch'd a sigh, a grievous one,  
And from her eyes a show'r of Tears did fall.  
Where is (quoth she) the gentle Love-God gone,  
Whose power I find is powerful over all?  
Oh! call him back, my fault I do confess,  
I have in Love been too too pitiless.  
Sweet Boy, sollicite for me to thy Mother,  
And at her Altars I will sacrifice,  
From this day forth I will adore no other,  
No Goddess shall be gracious in mine eyes,  
But she that hath imperious rule and might,  
To lead obdurate hearts to kind delight,  
Compassion now hath worthy Conquest made  
Of that strong Fort that did resistance make,

## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

One shaft had been sufficient to perswade  
A League for life, a Truce till death doth take,  
Guy more than Life, doth *Phelice* love prefer,  
*Phelice* affects Guy dear, as he doth her.  
But unto him her love is yet unknown,  
Though his be made apparent long before.  
He understands not that she is his own,  
He feels no false appli'd unto his sore,  
Till forc'd by passions, and constrain'd laments,  
A second Suit he boldly thus presents.

*Phelice*, I was arraigned long ago,  
And now I look for Judgement at thy hand :  
I have been Prisoner in a Jayl of wo  
So long, that speedy sentence I demand :  
Oh speak unto me either life or death !  
For I am tired with my vital breath.

If kindness dwell in that fair shape of thine,  
Express it with ( *I love* ) ; if none there be,

Then say, *I cannot unto love incline* ;  
And so thou mak'st a quick dispatch with me.

Censure me sudden, either smile or frown,

I will not live thus for this Kingdom's Crown,

*Phelice* reply'd, 'Tis not at my dispose,

To fashion Love, without my Friends consent,

What, would you wish me to be one of those

That are to Parents disobedient ?

Shall fond affections over-rule the will,

And do you good, to be accounted ill ?

You know my Father's greatness in the Land,

And if he should ( as there's no other like )

The love of one too mean for me, withstand,

How could we bear the stroke disgrace would strike ?

Nothing but death would make my sorrow sweet,

And shame would wrap me in a Winding-sheet.

Doubt not of Father in this case ( quoth he )

For *Warwick's* Earl ( the Honourable man )

Shall see such deeds of valour done by me,

To have dislike he neither will nor can.

## The Famous History

Injoyne me what adventures thou think'st good,  
 That wounds and scars may let my body blood:  
 Why then (quoth she) *Guy* make thy Valour shine  
 Throughout the world, as glorious as the Sun;  
 My heart, my soul, my life, my love is thine:  
 What deeds of honour by thy hands are done:  
 Make thy self famous by a Martial life,  
 And then take *Phelice* for thy lawful wife.  
 I ask no more (said he) to gain thy love,  
 I shall esteem it bought at eake rate:  
 O that I were at work, my task to prove,  
 With *Hercules*, or some such churlish Mate.  
*Phelice* farewell, this kils thou gavest me,  
 Shall make a number kils the ground for thee.

From England *Guy* to France doth go  
 Where deeds of Arms are done;  
 And thence returns triumphantly,  
 With all his Prizes won.

### CANTO III.

**I**nlarg'd from sorrow's thralldom by hope's bail,  
*Guy* arms his thoughts with Honours enterprize,  
 Imbarks himself, and into *France* doth sail  
 Leaving fair *England*, where his comfort lies,  
 He seeks for Enemies, he longs for Foes,  
 And now desires to be a dealing blows.  
 In *Normandy* arriv'd, he understands  
 That there was Warlike business to be done,  
 For valiant Knights of divers Christian Lands,  
 The race of Valour did intend to run:  
 A great advantage was propounded there,  
 Which news was musick to his greedy ear,

The

## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

The prize that drew them all unto this Place,  
Was Daughter to the *Almain* Emperor,  
For *Blanch*, with such a wondrous heavenly face,  
It had attractive beauty full of power;  
In her such Graces did unite together,  
The Worthies of the world came posting thither.  
Who won the Damsel (it was thus decreed)  
By manly courage, and victorious might,  
Should have her mounted on a milk-white Steed,  
Two Greyhounds and a Faulcon, all in white:  
This was his lot that could attain the day,  
To bear the Honour, and the Maid away.  
Our *English* Knight prepares him for the Field  
Where Kings were present, Princes did repair;  
Where Dukes and Earls a great Assembly held  
About the face that was so wondrous fair:  
Though only one must speed, and hundreds mis,  
Yet each man there imagines *Blanch* is his.  
The spacious field where they assembled were,  
Hardly afford eth room for Armed Crouds:  
The golden glittering Armour that was there;  
Did dart the Sun-beams back into the Clouds:  
The pamper'd horses proudly stamp the ground,  
To hear the clamour of the Trumpets sound,  
A *German* Prince of an undaunted sprite,  
A first and very fierce Encounter gave  
Unto an Earl, whose valour did requite  
With blow for blow, as resolutely brave;  
Till by a stroke the Earl receiv'd on's head,  
He was unhors'd, falling to ground for dead.  
Then *Guy* came forth with courage to the Prince,  
And deals with him as *Hercules* would do;  
Like force he never felt before nor since,  
Such hard extreams he ne're was put unto:  
Just where himself had laid the Earl in frownd,  
There down comes he, both horse and man to ground.  
Duke *Orton* seeing this, was in a rage,  
And desp'rate humour did incense him so,

He

## *The Famous History*

He vow'd by Heaven nothing should assuage  
His fury, but the death of that proud Foe.  
Prepare thee, fight, to breathe thy last (quoth he)  
Monster, or Devil, or what e're thou be.  
They joyn together with a dreadful fight,  
The splinters fly, and clattring Armour sounds;  
The dust ascended up, and blinds their sight;  
The blood allays it, streaming forth their wounds;  
Both their swords break, they light, and on his back  
Guy threw the Duke, that ev'n his bones did crack.  
Duke Rainer would revenge his Cousin then,  
And for Encounter he prepareth next.  
Quoth Guy, I find y're wretches and no men  
That with a blow or fall so soon be vext:  
But come, and welcome, I am for you all;  
We say in *England*, *The weakest must to it* wall.  
They rush togeth'r, that the ground did shake,  
Whilst animating Trumpets sound alarm;  
In Rainer's shoulder Guy a wound did make,  
Whereby he lost the use of his right arm;  
Yielding himself as others did before,  
Unable once to wield his weapon more.  
Then for a while all stood amaz'd at Guy,  
And not a man was forward to proceed;  
Till *Lovaine's* Duke his Fortunes went to try,  
Having good hope that he should better speed:  
Well mounted, and well arm'd, he fair did sit  
On a proud Steed, that ill indur'd the bit.  
I think (quoth he) thou some Enchanter art,  
That hath the force of Magick in thine arm,  
I'll teach thee to believe e're we depart,  
Quoth Guy, for thou shalt feel that I can charm:  
I'll conjure thee even with an Iron Spell,  
My sword shall send thee unto Heaven or Hell.  
With that he lent him such a cruel stroke,  
That the other did return a weak reply;  
With second and with third his Helmet broke;  
Hold, hold (quoth he) I'll rather yield than die:

Fight



## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Fight for a Woman he that list for me,  
I think the Devil cannot deal with thee:  
Then not a man that would encounter more,  
They all were terrifi'd and stood in fear;  
And in a rage among themselves they swore,  
What shall a stranger all the honour bear  
Of this great day? What cursed fortune's this,  
That all the glory of the field is his!  
Amongst themselves his happiness they curse,  
In envy's heat, not knowing what to do;  
They could have kill'd him, but that no man durst  
Put his own life in hazard thereunto.  
If wishes might have done it, he had dy'd,  
But fight with him not any could abide.  
The Emperor, for Guy, a Knight did send,  
Asking his Name and Birthright, which he told;  
Then said His Majesty, I much commend  
Thy haughty Courage resolutely bold:  
Brave *English* man, thou art thy countreys pride,  
In *Europe* lives not such a man beside:  
I do admire thy worth, thy Valour's great;  
To speak thy praise my tongue cannot suffice;  
Ascend to Honour's just deserved seat,  
That art a second *Hector* in mine eyes.  
This day thy worthy hand hath shew'd me more  
Than in my life I ever saw before.  
Come and receive thy due desert of me,  
My Daughter's love is free at thy dispose,  
The Greyhounds, Steed and Faulcon, take to thee;  
Thy worthiness doth merit more than those:  
Hold, here's a Jewel, wear it for my sake,  
Which I a witness of my love do make.  
Guy thank'd his Highness for his gracious favour,  
And vow'd him service whilst his life did last,  
Then to the Princess with a mild behaviour,  
A reverent, humble, modest look he cast,  
Saying, Fair Lady, Fortune is my Friend,  
That doth such beauty to my lot extend.

Madam,

# The Famous History

Madam, accept your loyal *English* Knight,  
 To do true service when you please command it:  
 Who, while he hath a drop of blood, will fight  
 In your behalf, against who dare withstand it:  
 To be your Husband is degree too high;  
 'Tis Grace sufficient, call me Servant *Guy*:  
 In *England* doth my Marriage Love remain,  
 To whom I must and will be true for ever;  
 About whose face Nature hath took such pain,  
 I durst have sworn flesh cou'd have matcht it never;  
 But now I find (that curiously have ley'd her)  
 There is a *Phoenix* in the world beside her,  
 And that's your self; I dare the world deny it;  
 But which is fairest, eye cannot decide,  
 No humane judgment in the world can try it,  
 Who hath most Beauty; *Blanch*, or my fair Bride,  
 I dare be bold to call your Beauties *Twins*,  
 And *Venus* Blackamoor to both your skins.  
 Oh *Phelice*! here's thy Picture in this Princess,  
 Methinks th'art present in her lovely look:  
 Thou that of my souls faculties art Mistress,  
 Recorded in Time's brazen leaved Book,  
 To thee if I prove false, or be misled,  
*Jove's* fearful vengeance light upon my head.  
 Quoth *Blanch*, Thy constancy (and sighed deep)  
 Is highly to be praised; thou dost well:  
 He that Love's promise will no faithful keep,  
 In horrors and in torments let him dwell.  
 But I suppose thy vows are yet to make,  
 And so what thy sword won, thy heart may take.  
 What I avouch is true, the Heaven knows,  
 My protestations are above the skies;  
 Madam, the *Sun* declines, day ancient grows,  
 I'll take my leave of you in humble wile,  
 My Body is unto Repose inclin'd,  
 Although no rest be in my troubled mind.  
 My troubled mind's in *Warwick* Castle now,  
 Although my body be in *Normandy*.

Here

## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Here I make others bend, there I do bow,  
And lowly as the humble ground do lye,  
Even at Love's feet I cast my self to ground,  
Though Victory my Temples here have crown'd.  
I cannot stay, I must to England back,  
My mind misgives me, *Phaëtes* is not well:  
Like my sad thoughts, my Armour shall be black!  
I'll suit me in a mournful Iron-shell:  
For where the mind meets with suspicious cares,  
Distrust is ever dealing doubtful shares.  
Yet I have much good fortune on my side,



That

I have a small  
 collection of  
 books on  
 the subject of  
 the mind  
 and the  
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45



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## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Good proper fellows of their tongues, and tall,  
That let me win a Princess from them all.  
*Phalics*, this sword hath won an *Emperors* Daughter,  
As sweet a Wench as lives in *Europe's* space :  
At price of blows, and bloody wounds I bought her,  
Well worth my bargain ; but thy better face  
Hath made me leave her to some others Lot ;  
For, I protest by Heaven, I love her not.  
This stately Steed, this Faulcon and these Hounds,  
I took, as in full payment of the rest :  
For I will keep my love within the bounds  
That do inclose the compass of my breast :  
My constancy to thee is all my care,  
Leaving all other Women as they are.  
But Sweet-heart, tell me, shall I have thee now ;  
Wilt thou consent the Priest shall do his part ?  
Art thou resolved still to keep thy Vow ?  
Is none but I half with thee in thy heart ?  
Canst thou forsake the world, change Maiden-life,  
And help thy faithful Lover to a Wife ?  
Quoth *Phalics*, 'Worthy Knight, my joys are great,  
To understand thy honourable deeds :  
It seems some were in such a bloody sweat,  
Their Valour, Fame and Reputation bleeds :  
I give thee humble thanks, that for my sake  
Such hard Adventures didst vouchsafe to take.  
To win a Princess was a precious prize ;  
But sure, methinks, if I had been Sir *Guy*,  
She should have found more favour in mine eyes,  
Than take a Horse, and turn a Lady by.  
What, is a Horse, a Faulcon, and a Hound,  
More worthy than a Lady so renown'd ?  
Perhaps you'll say, 'tis done for love of me ;  
I do imagine, nay, believe it so.  
And though I jest, I will do more for thee,  
Than thou, or any but my self doth know,  
I'll never marry while life's glass doth run,  
But only thee, or I will die a Nun.

## The Famous History

But give me leave to speak my mind ( kind Love )  
Let me loock up my secrets in thy brest.  
I had a Vision did affection move,  
*Cupid* came to me in my quiet rest,  
And did command me, in his Mothers name;  
To love thee, Thus perswading to the same,  
An armed man ( just as I see thee now )  
He set before me, speaking to me thus.  
*Phelice*, be gentle-hearted, yielding, bow,  
Do not oppose against the power of us ;  
But all thy love, thy loyalty and truth,  
Bestow it freely on this matchless youth.  
Throughout the world his Fame shall be admired,  
And mighty men shall tremble at his wrath.  
To end Kings quarrels, he shall be required,  
His worthiness shall tread no common path.  
But actions to be fear'd, he shall effect  
Matters of moment, things of great respect,  
This (in effect) he did to me relate,  
And I have been obedient to his will.  
Now if I would, I know not how to hate;  
Of perfect kindness I am taught the skill.  
Believe me, *Guy*, for if it were not so,  
This secret of my heart thou shouldst not know.  
But now, my Love, before thou dost possess  
Thy constant *Phelice* in her Marriage-bed,  
Thou must do deeds of greater worthyness,  
Than winning of a Lady with her Steed.  
I'll ever love thee, though I ne're do more,  
But will not grant thee use of love before.  
Not grant me use of love (quoth he) fair Friend !  
Why then of force I must abroad again.  
I will content thee, or I'll make an end  
One way or other, slay, or else be slain.  
Ere I return again into this Realm,  
Thou shalt confess I have fulfill'd thy Dream,  
Assist me Heavens, as I mean upright ;  
For I protest by all the powers Divine,



## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

No unjust Quarrel shall procure me fight,  
To wrong the wronged I will ne're incline;  
But stand for those that by oppression fall,  
In Honor's venture; be it life and all.  
Come my *Belona*, do thou gird my sword,  
Embrace my Armour in thy Ivory Arms,  
And such kind kisses as thou canst afford,  
Bestow upon me in the stead of Charms.  
I think upon *Ulysses* loving Wife,  
How thou art now to imitate her life.  
Farewel, my *Phaëce*, health and happiness  
Attend thee ever, to thy hearts desire.  
And I beseech God grant me like success,  
As I resolve my love to thee intire,  
At my return, when *Mars* his bus'ness ends,  
My comfort is, *Hyman* will make amends.  
And so unto Earl *Roband* he repairs,  
And tells him, he is come to take his leave;  
He must seek out where Honour dealeth shares,  
To purchase that which worthy men receive.  
At home (saith he) my honourable Lord,  
I find that Valour nothing can afford;  
Therefore I'll search abroad what's to be done,  
From Countrey unto Kingdom I'll resort.  
By Nature's course my Glasse hath much to run;  
I well may spare some years for fighting sport;  
Of idleness there's nothing comes but evil,  
I hate a Coward as I hate the Devil.  
*Guy* (quoth the Earl) thou mak'st me grieve at this,  
The news is more than I can well indure,  
Thy wished company so soon to miss.  
When I did make account I had been sure  
Posselt of thee, at thy late travels end;  
And dost thou now Journeys anew intend?  
Remain with me, trust not to fortunes pow'r;  
Though now she hath so well and kindly dealt,  
She may allot thee an unlucky hour,  
That instantly her Favours so have felt.

## The Famous History

Her couteſies are moſt unconstant things,  
Believe her not, ſhe dealeth falſe with Kings,  
Triumphant on her wheel now thou doſt ſit,  
And with Fame's Triumph thy glory doth remain,  
Oh! do not over-raſhly hazard it;  
Loſt honour is not eaſily got again.  
May not one curſed and unhappy blow  
Betray thy ſelf to thy inſulting Foe?  
May not a Monſter, or a ſavage beaſt  
At unawares deprive thee of thy breath?  
May not a Tyrant when thou thinkeſt leaſt,  
Cut off thy courſe by an untimely death?  
May not a thouſand dangers on thee light,  
Where but thy ſelf, thy wronged ſelf muſt right?  
(Quoth Guy) My Lord, danger he may not fear,  
That to Adventures doth himſelf diſpoſe,  
He muſt a mind of reſolution bear,  
And think himſelf too good for all his foes;  
I'll never dread I ſhall be over man'd  
while I have hands to fight, or legs to ſtand.  
Therefore in humble ſort I leave your honour  
Wiſhing all health unto your happy ſtate.  
If Fortune take a frowning mood upon her,  
Why, ſhe ſhall ſee I will diſdain her hate.  
What ſtar ſoever ſway'd when I was born,  
I have a mind will laugh miſ-hap to ſcorn,

Guy to the Duke of Lovain goes,  
And joyns with him in ſtrength  
Againſt the Emperor Reynar,  
Then makes his peace at length.

### C A N T O V

NOW Guy expects a favourable gail,  
Which to his hearts deſire he doth attain;

And

## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

And with a speedy passage he doth sail,  
To seek Adventures out in *France* again;  
Where finding none, from thence away he hies  
To *Lovain*, where in siege the Emp'r<sup>r</sup> lies.  
For *Seguin* Duke of *Lovain's* hap was such,  
At *Tournament* a Noble-man to kill,  
The Emperor's cousin, whom he loved much,  
And took the death of him exceeding ill;  
So that a quarrel thereupon arose,  
And Wars ensu'd betwixt two mighty foes.  
Thither goes *Guy* to lend the Duke his aid,  
But in the way an accident beset;  
For by Duke *Otton* he was false betray'd,  
And's life in question, which he freed well;  
*Otton* in *France* before disgrac'd by *Guy*,  
Had vow'd where e're he met him he should die.  
And to that end, sixteen appointed were  
To lye in ambush, and surprize him so;  
All men of resolution, void of fear,  
That in a Forest did themselves bestow,  
And set on *Guy*, only with three Knights more.  
The like distress he ne're was in before.  
Now Gentlemen, and loving Friends (quoth he),  
Shew your selves *English* hearted, rightly bred.  
Here is some odds, sixteen unto you three;  
But I the fourth will stand you in some stead;  
You three shall combat fix, that's two for one;  
And with the other ten let me alone.  
Wherewith he drew his sword, and laid about,  
That ratling Armour echo'd in the skye;  
Dealing so resolute amongst the rout,  
That down they drop on every side, and die.  
Here lyeth one that hath no legs to stand,  
And there another wanting head and hand,  
*Guy* quickly made dispatch of his half score,  
He was not long in ridding them away:  
But then remained half a dozen more,  
Which two of his most worthy Knights did slay;

When

*The Famous History*

When he perceiv'd them fall, he stamp't the ground,  
And utter'd forth this fearful angry sound:  
Ah villains! how my soul abhors this sight:  
For these how my revenging passion strives:  
This bloody deed with blood I will requite,  
You die for it, had each a thousand lives.  
Two slain out-right, and *Herand* wounded too,  
Is the last cursed Act that you shall do,  
With force (as 'twere exceeding humane strength)  
He lays upon them blows to stagger under,  
And brought them breathless to the ground, at length  
Cut all in piece-meal for the Crows alunder:  
There lye (quoth he) and feast Fowls of the Air,  
Or feed those savage beasts that will repair.  
But these sweet Gentlemen that have resign'd  
Their dearest Lives for the defence of me,  
And came from *England*, as their Love inclin'd,  
Companions in my hardest hap to be;  
I will inter in honourable wife,  
With best solemnity I can devise,  
From thence unto a Hermit, dwelling nigh,  
He rode, and did commit that charge with care,  
Who did perform that office carefully,  
And *Herand* home unto his Cell he bare,  
Who was not dead, though *Guy* suppos'd him slain;  
But by the Hermit was restor'd again.  
Now forth goes *Guy*, pensive, perplexed, sad,  
Grieving that Destiny so cruel dealt;  
For left alone, no company he had,  
To ease the torments that in heart he felt:  
Till travelling along, at last he found  
A place for honour very much renown'd.  
There did he meet with *Tell* and *Turrament*,  
And entertain both glory and delight,  
There fortune yielded him her full content  
To win the best of every valiant Knight:  
Of all the worthy men that did resort,  
Not one could match him in *Duke Rym's* Court.

Ther

## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Then to the Duke of *Millain* he repairs,  
Where for his worth he is admir'd of all:  
And understanding that some great affairs  
Twixt *Segwin* Duke of *Lovain* did befall,  
And th' Emperor, *Millain* he did forsake,  
And towards *Lovain* did his journey take,  
As he did pass upon the way, he meets  
A Pilgrim, that with travel seem'd faint:  
Whom in all human courtesies he greets,  
And with some news entreats him, to acquaint  
His longing ear; he with a sigh or two  
Said, Sir, with news I little have to do.  
One thing in all this world is all my care,  
And only that, and nothing else I mind;  
I seek a man, and seek him in despair;  
Because I long have sought, and cannot find  
A man more dearly to my souls love ry'd,  
Than all the men are in the world beside.  
Why, what art thou, quoth *Guy*, or who is he?  
Of kindness be so kind, as tell in brief,  
I am an *English* man of Knights degree,  
(Quoth *Herauld*) and the subject of my grief,  
Is loss of one Sir *Guy*, my Countrey-man,  
*Guy* with joys tears lights to embrace him then,  
And art thou living, *Herauld*, my dear freind  
(Quoth he)? and kindly took him in his arms:  
Then cheerfully let sorrows all take end,  
And let me know who cur'd thee of thy harms?  
The good old Hermit by his skill did save me,  
With wholsome Medicines and Salves he gave me:  
*Guy* did rejoyce; and *Herauld's* joys abound  
At this so good and happy accident;  
No angry Star in opposition frown'd.  
But each was owner of his own content:  
So posting with good fortune on their side,  
Unto the Duke of *Lovain* they do ride.  
The City in distress besieg'd they find,  
And very small resistance could be made;

## The Famous History

But *Segwin* was right joyful in his mind,  
That worthy *Guy* was come unto his aid.  
For now (quoth he) boldly presume I can,  
We have an honourable valiant man.  
Advise me, warlike Knight, what's to be done,  
To free the present danger we are in?  
My Lord (quoth *Guy*), there's freedom to be won;  
Ev'n by a course my self will first begin:  
Let's issue forth upon them presently,  
Our Courages will make the Cowards fly:  
I'll give consent to any thing thou wilt,  
Thy project willingly I do approve:  
Let limb be lost, let life and blood be spilt,  
All follow thee, that comes to me in love,  
Open the Gates, let's beat them from our Walls:  
*He lies no lower than the ground, that falls.*  
Then suddenly the City they forsake,  
And on the *Almains* resolutely set,  
Where such a bloody slaughter they did make,  
That many thousand lives paid Death his debt,  
Of thirty thousand that in Siege there lay,  
Scarce thirty hundred that escap'd away.  
The Emperor at this was much agrieved,  
And with new forces gave a new assault;  
Knowing the City could not be relieved,  
And then their strength would weaken by default.  
So comes upon them with a fresh supply,  
Thinking at length to famish them thereby.  
*Guy* and the Duke upon the Walls appear,  
And tell him he shall never win the Town:  
For they can spare their Soldiers much good cheer,  
Throwing them Victuals in abundance down:  
Intreating them, if they want more than that,  
To speak, they shall have store to make them fat.  
But now quoth *Guy*, your Bodies are well fed,  
How do you feel your Stomachs to go fight?  
I am afraid you are not rightly bred,  
But Dunghils, that will sooner crow than bite;



## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

For still when Cowards do begin a fray,  
Look e're it ends, to see them run away ;  
And-so your selves have lately done we see,  
Your tounes we heard, but hands there's no man feels ;  
Most hot to brabble and contend you be,  
But wondrous quick and nimble at your heels.  
We did suspect when you came here to forage,  
We should have been incumbered with your courage.  
But it's not so, alas you're not the men,  
Unless perhaps asleep you should us catch ;  
For waking we'l encounter one for ten,  
And never wish to have a better match.  
Have at you once again, sit fast, we come,  
March on my hearts, sound trumpet, strike up drum !  
Upon the sudden with the Foe they be,  
Fighting like men that laught pale death to scorn,  
Resolved now they would their City free,  
Or never live to see the next day morn.  
Much blood was shed, great store of lives it cost,  
And on the *Almain* side the day was lost.  
The Duke, with *Guy*, pursue their foes in chase ;  
Who like so many Hares away do fly,  
Wishing that they had wings to mend their pace ;  
So sweet is life to them that fear to die.  
But Fortune in an angry doom decreed,  
Their glory, honour, fame and life should bleed ;  
The Victors to the City then retired,  
With Trophies of triumphant glory won ;  
And all that heard the Action much admired  
The great exploit so resolutely done :  
But unto *Guy* the Duke all thanks did yield ;  
For thou quoth he ) art *Cesar* of our field  
My Lord (quoth *Guy*), I joy not half so much,  
That we have wrought a freedom by the sword,  
As I should glory, if my hap were such,  
'Twixt you and th' Emperor to make accord :  
Give me but leave, I will endeavour it ;  
And put good will to a blunt Soldiers Wit.

## The Famous History

The Duke consents with thanks, and doth intreat  
Him take a guard of Soldiers forth the Town;  
Danger that seems but little, may prove great,  
I would not have thee wrong'd for *Reyners* Crown.  
Go honourable man, what thou shalt do,  
I'll set my hand, my heart, my life thereto.  
*Guy* goes unto the Emperor, speaks thus:  
High Majesty, all health unto thy Grace,  
And peace to thee, if thou say peace to us;  
And love to thee, if thou wilt love embrace:  
As we are Christians, let us War no more,  
But fight 'gainst such as will not God adore,  
We sue to thee not in a servile manner,  
As dreading any power or force thou hast;  
For Victory doth now display his banner,  
And War yields us a sweet and pleasant taste;  
No cause doth move it, but a Conscience cause,  
To bring the Heathens to Religious Laws.  
Speak *Reyners*, and resolve, what wilt thou do?  
With Soldiers brevity my Message ends;  
Give me an Answer, ev'n as brief hereto:  
Shall we be Christians Foes, or Christian Friends?  
Shall we among our selves the Name divide?  
Or challenge them that have the same deni'd?  
Brave *English* man! hadst thou spoke thus before,  
Thousands, quoth he, had liv'd which now are slain;  
Earth should have wanted of that slaughter'd store  
Which doth in her vast bowels now remain:  
Thou hast prevail'd with me, hot War shall cease,  
And I embrace thee as a friend in piece,  
Thy motion tends to Honour, Honour's Knight,  
And thou shalt live in Fame's immortal praise,  
When thou art buried in eternal night,  
Thy name shall last the longest length of days.  
Thou dost the Worthies of the world exceed,  
Blest be the Countrey did thy person breed.  
Come, go my Liege (quoth *Guy*) unto the Town,  
And to Duke *Seguin* there a League renew:

## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Our end shall be to pull the *Pagans* down,  
That unto Christ's Religion are untrue.  
My greatest joy will be to hear it said,  
This is the best days work that e're *Guy* made.

*Guy with a thousand chosen men,  
against the Pagans goes,  
And makes them curse that e're they felt  
the force of Christian blows.*

### CANTO VI.

THE power of peace hath vanquish't stubborn War,  
And mighty Princes worthily conclude,  
The sword shall rust in sheath before it jar,  
To be with blood of Innocents imbrew'd:  
Christians in Name and Actions to unite,  
'Gainst unbelieving Infidels to fight.  
*Guy* with a thousand men doth take his leave,  
To hearken further after Martial news,  
And doth a true intelligence receive,  
That barb'rous *Pagans*, *Sarazens* and *Jews*,  
*Turks*, and the like, of *Mahomer's* blind Crew,  
In most confused War each others slew.  
To them he goes, partial on neither part,  
His sword did favour every side alike,  
They all were odious to him in his heart;  
Which arm'd his hand with vigour for to strike,  
And work amazement unto their contending.  
Coming so roughly to their quarrels ending,  
Quoth they amongst themselves, What fellow's this,  
That lays about him like a mad man thus?  
Of certainty, more than a man he is;  
For human force would fear to fight with us;

Eut

## The Famous History

But if he be, as seemeth by his shape,  
Had he ten thousand lives he should not scape.  
Then did a haughty Pagan step to *Guy*,  
And said to him, if Valour in thee rest;  
Let's have a little sport 'twixt thee and I,  
Only to see which of our Swords cuts best:  
Thou hast a weapon there like to a Reed:  
Methinks it is too blunt to make one bleed.  
Too blunt (quoth *Guy*)! and in his anger groans;  
Pagan, I like thy humour passing well.  
Ple whet it, e're we part, upon thy bones,  
And then another tale thou wilt me tell;  
If it should fail me now, it were a wonder,  
Such Lubbers it hath often hew'd in sunder.  
But come, art ready? Bid thy friends adieu,  
And say thy Prayers unto thy Pagan Gods;  
For I do mean to use thee like a Jew,  
Because with Christians thou dost stand at odds;  
Look that thy head be set on sure and fast,  
Or, mortal man, Ple prove thee but a blast.  
Then did they lend each other lusty knocks,  
That sparks of fire did from their Helmets fly:  
The Martial multitude about them flocks,  
Expecting all the end and death of *Guy*:  
For *Colbrond*, whom he fought withal, was strong,  
And had been Champion to the Pagans long.  
At length *Guy* lent him such a speedy blow,  
That down comes *Colbrond* and his strength to ground.  
Pagan (quoth he), is my sword sharp or no,  
With which even now such a blunt fault you found?  
Rise quick, for if thy legs thou canst not feel,  
Off goes thy head as sure as this is steel.  
Forthwith he made him shorter by the head,  
And that unto the Emperor he sent.  
The Infidels grew all astonished,  
For they in *Colbrond* were so confident,  
They durst have ventured goods, and life, and limb,  
On any Combat that was fought by him,

Then

## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Then *Herand* (to give *Guy* some breathing space)  
Challeng'd a *Pagan*, called *Elmadant*;  
And dar'd him, and defi'd him to his face ;  
(For Valiant *Herand* did no courage want)  
The *Pagan* somewhat hot with fury fill'd,  
Did combat, being quickly cool'd and kill'd;  
Presently *Guy* unto another comes,  
Call'd *Morgadour*, and soundly with his blade  
Lays on him, and his senses so benums,  
He tumbles head-long like a tired Jade:  
The *Pagans* seeing their Champions thus go down,  
Forsook the Field, retiring to the Town.  
Where a most bloody Tyrant bare the sway,  
Who hearing what had hapned, full of ire,  
Went armed to the Tent whereas *Guy* lay,  
And did a Combat at his hands require.  
Villain (quoth he) whom like a Dog I scorn,  
I'll make thee curse the time that thou wast born.  
Now Runagate, I come to fetch thy head,  
For to a Lady I have promis'd it ;  
My Curs shall with thy *English* flesh be fed,  
They must devour thy body every bit :  
Come, I have vow'd by *Mahomet* thou di'st ;  
Thou canst not scape by trusting in thy Christ.  
And hast thou giv'n away my head (quoth he)  
Unto a Lady? 'tis a brave intent ;  
An honest man will his Words-Master be,  
And never promise more than he hath meant :  
Come on thy ways, and take it quickly off,  
Or else the Lady will suppose you scoff.  
With proud disdain together then they rush,  
Laying it on as fast as they could drive ;  
But *Eskehart* *Guy's* sword did so becrush,  
That for his head no longer durst he strive ;  
But on the sudden for to save his own,  
Put spurs to horse, and in all post is gone.  
*Guy* then returns to *Herand*, and declares  
What a bold fellow came to fetch his head :

Who

## The Famous History

Who smiling at it, merrily prepares  
To tell of his adventures, how he sped  
With a false Coward called *Addellart*,  
That wounded him with an envenom'd Dart,  
And being hurt most dangerously so,  
Was intercepted ere he could retire  
By *Estellard*, a proud insulting Foe,  
Compos'd of cruelty, of devilish ire.  
But (quoth Sir *Heraud*) ere our fray was done,  
I made them wish it never had begun.  
For *Addellart* I wounded in the side,  
And *Estellard* I cur-tail'd by the knees:  
Then left them lying, Death to be their guide  
Unto the Jayl where worms do claim their fees.  
So when these two were seen to fall down dead,  
All t'other *Pagans* with amazement fled.  
Why then (quoth *Guy*) all's quiet I perceive;  
The Miscreants like unto Foxes lye;  
But gentle *Heraud*, ere we take our leave,  
One Combat more I am resolv'd to try:  
The General of this accursed Rout,  
Shall be the man I mean to single out.  
They term him mighty *Soldan*: Friend, I long  
To make a proof, if he deserve the name;  
I am in doubt they do him mighty wrong,  
If might be wanting to avouch the same:  
Titles of worth become base Cowards ill,  
I'll try what's in him, hap whatever will.  
Nay *Heraud*, leave me, prithee do forbear.  
I will be speedy, tarry in this Wood:  
Go to your grassy bank, repose thee there,  
And with this balsom stay those drops of blood.  
Ere *Phœbus* in the Occident decline,  
Death shall conclude the *Soldans* life or mine.  
Said *Heraud*; Since thou wilt not let me go,  
But durst appoint this bed of Earth to bear me;  
Till thou return, I will converse with wo,  
And will not suffer any Bird sing near me.



*of Guy Earl of Warwick.*

With longing eyes, and careful lifting ears,  
Ple spend thy absent time in prayers and tears,  
*Guy* posts with speed, and doth the *Souldan* find,  
And thus he speaks, Art thou the man of Might,  
Surnamed so by tongues, and peoples wind?  
Here is a Christian comes to dare thee fight:  
Both *Mahomet* and thee I do defie,  
And here's a sword I will maintain it by!  
The *Souldan* with a staring look replies,  
Thou Christian slave, Ple chastise thee with steel,  
Thou art an odious creature in mine eyes,  
And thy presumption shall my fury feel.  
With that at *Guy* he ran with all his force,  
Their Launces brake, and each forsook his Horse.  
Then by the Sword the Victor must prevail,  
Which manly force makes deadly wounds withal,  
Cutting through Armour, mangling shirts of Mail,  
That at the last down did the *Souldan* fall,  
Sending blasphemous curses to the skye,  
And casting handfuls of his blood at *Guy*.  
Who presently took horse, and then retir'd  
To *Heraud*, whom he found in slumber laid;  
Rife Friend (quoth he), the time is now expir'd,  
An end with mighty *Souldan* I have made.  
With that he rose with joy and Loves embrace,  
And forth they travel to another place.

Guy takes a Princely Lyon's part  
and doth a Dragon kill;  
Then frees fair Ofile from mishaps,  
that else had fared ill.

## CANTO VII.

Passing the Desert now, where shady trees  
Embrac'd each other in their green-leave arms;      Where

## *The Famous History*

Where Lady Eccho's dwelling best agrees,  
And little birds sing fearless of their harms,  
They chanc'd to find a silver streaming spring,  
Which water to them was a pleasant thing.



*His Lady sends him forth again,  
Whose will he doth obey,  
And manfully a Dragon kills,  
To part a cruel fray.*

There

## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

There with the crystal streams they cool their heat,  
And slake their thirst they had endured long;  
There did they make the herbs and roots their meat,  
To satisfie for Nature's hungry wrong:  
But on a sudden at a noise they wonder,  
A Lyon roar'd as if great Jove did thunder.  
Heraud ( quoth Guy ), to horse let's be prepar'd,  
And leave our dinner till another day;  
Here is a sound, I never was so scar'd,  
I'll seek it out, it comes from yonder way:  
Some Monster, or some Devil makes a noise,  
For on my life it is no human voice,  
So forth he rides, and underneath a hill,  
He finds a Dragon with a Lyon met:  
Brave sport ( said he ) I pray fight on your fill,  
And then upon the strongest I will set:  
Which of the twain that first aside doth start,  
I am a friend that will maintain his part.  
The Dragon winds his crooked knotted tail  
About the Lyon's legs, to cast him so;  
The Lyon fastens on his rugged scale,  
And nimbly doth avoid that overthrow:  
Then tooth and nail, they cruelly tear and bite,  
Maintaining long a fierce and bloody fight.  
At last the Lyon faintly turns a side:  
And looks about, as if he would be gone:  
Nay then ( quoth Guy ) Dragon have at your hide,  
Defend thy Devils face, I'll lay it on.  
With that courageously to work he goes,  
And deals the Dragon very manly blows.  
The ugly beast, with flaggy wings display'd,  
Comes at him manly, with most dreadful paws,  
Whose very looks might make a man afraid,  
So terrible seem'd his devouring jaws:  
Wide gaping, grisly, like the mouth of hell,  
More horrible than pen or tongue can tell.  
His blazing eyes did burn like living fire,  
And forth his smoaking gorge came sulphur smoke;

## *2. de E amons History*

Aloft his speckled breast he lifted higher  
Than *Guy* could reach at length of weapons stroke ;  
Thus in most ireful mood himself he bore,  
And gave a cry as Seas are wont to rore,  
With that his mortal sting he stretched out,  
Exceeding far the sharpest point of steel ;  
Then turns and winds his scaly tail about  
The Horses legs, more nimble than an Eel :  
With that *Guy* hews upon him with his blade,  
And three mens strength to every stroke he laid.  
One fatal blow he gave him in the side,  
From thence did issue streams of swarthy blood ;  
The sword had made the passage broad and wide,  
That deep into the Monster's gore *Guy* stood :  
Then with a second blow he overtook him,  
Which made the Dragon turn to have forlook him.  
Nay then, quoth he, thou hast not long to live,  
I see thou faintest at the Point to fall ;  
Then such a stroke of death he did him give,  
That down came Dragon, crying out withall  
So horrible, the sound did more affright  
The Conqueror, than all the dreadful sight.  
Away he rides, and lets that Hell-bound lie ;  
But looking back, espies behind his Horse  
The Lyon coming after very nigh,  
Which makes him light to follow manly force ;  
But when the Beast beheld his weapon drawn,  
He came to him, and like a dog didawn.  
Like to that grateful Lyon which did free  
*Androclus* life, for pulling out a thorn,  
When by offence he should by Laws decree,  
Within a Theater by beasts be torn ;  
The Lyon came, and lick'd him very kind,  
Bearing ( as seem'd ) an old good turn in mind.  
Ev'n so this gentle creature deals with him,  
For that same benefit which he had done ;  
Although by Nature cruel, fierce and grim,  
Yet like a Spaniel by his horse did run ;

Con-

## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Continuing many days with great desire,  
Till extream hunger forc'd him to retire.  
Now towards the Sea Guy doth his journey take,  
Imbarques for *France*, but by contrary wind  
Arrives in *Almain*, where the Nobles make  
Great triumph for him, and with joyful mind;  
The Emperor rejoyces that he's come,  
And bids him welcome into Christendom.  
There is he entertain'd with Turnament,  
With Kingly banquets, Princely Revelling:  
And multitudes to give their eyes content,  
Attend him with their throng, still wondering  
At all his worthy Acts report had spread,  
Where with their ears most strangely had been fed.  
From thence he travels towards his loyng friend  
The Duke of *Lovain*, whom he long'd to see;  
But e're he came unto his journeys end,  
A wronged Lady he did worth'ly free;  
Which violently was from her love bereft  
And he at point of death sore wounded left.  
Thus it befel, *Terry* a valiant Earl  
With his dear Love, surnam'd *Osile* the fair,  
( His precious Jem, inestimable Pearl )  
Into a Forest went to take the air;  
Whereas a plot was laid to take his life,  
And make his beauteous Love anothers wife.  
Upon the sudden sixteen Villains came  
Unto the Earl, and did him grievous wound.  
*Sirrah* ( quoth one ) thou hast a wench we claim,  
She must with us, lye thou there on the ground.  
And the next passenger that thou dost see,  
Intreat him make a grave to bury thee.  
Guy finding *Terry* thus, hearing his plaint,  
Doth comfort him in kindest sort he can:  
Who with the loss of blood doth weakly faint,  
With force of deadly choler pale and wan:  
Courage ( quoth he ) I'll fetch thy Love again,  
Or say that Guy is but a Coward Swain.

When

## The Famous History

When *Terry* heard that name, he did revive,  
For unto *Guy* his worthy deeds were known:  
And lifting up himself from ground, did strive  
For to embrace him in deep passions groan.  
Thanks gracious Heavens (quoth he) with soul and heart,  
For sending thee to take my wronged part.  
Which is the way (quoth he) those villians went?  
That path, said woful *Terry* by yon Oak:  
Have after them, this deed they shall repent,  
As I'm a Christian Knight; and as he spoke,  
He heard a shriek, Which was the Ladies cry.  
So by that sound he did them soon discry:  
Coming unto them, Wretched slaves (quoth he)  
What do you purpose with this Lady here?  
Inlarge her presently, and set her free,  
You have done wrongs that will be rated dear;  
Her Husband wounded, she us'd violent  
Will cost your lives a price incontinent.  
With that they laugh'd and said, what fool's this same,  
Or rather mad-man in his desperate mind,  
That means by wilful death to get a name,  
And have the world report he hath been kind?  
The fellow sure is in some frantick fit,  
And means to fight, without both fear and wit.  
Like so (quoth he) the fit that's on me now,  
You shall all find to be a raging one,  
With that he shews them *Mary* his angry brow,  
And bids the Lady cease her pensive moan:  
Saying, Good Madam, unto joy incline,  
For suddenly the Rascals will be mine.  
Then with a courage admirable bold,  
At every blow some one or other dies:  
Which when the gentle Lady did behold,  
Oh pity! worthy Knight, she crys,  
These mortal wounds I can no longer see;  
Be not so bloody in revenging me.  
Upon my knees I do intreat thee stay,  
This is to me a terrifying sight:

Oh!



## of Guy Earl of Warwick

Oh I with their lives thou takest mine away ;  
If one die more, I faintly yield my sp'rite.  
Thou worthily mine honour hast defended,  
Let the revenging of my wrongs be ended.  
Lady ( quoth he ) I cease at your request,  
Depart base Rascals, all but two, be gone :  
But Villians, you did bind her for the rest,  
And struck them with his sword ( the scabbard on )  
That down to ground they fell, making this excuse,  
My Lord we only kept her for thy use.  
Then on his Steed he lets the Lady ride,  
To seek her Lord, whom she had left distressed :  
And Guy unto that place became her guide ;  
Where coming, they did find him careful drest :  
For in their absence came a Hermit by,  
Which to his bleeding wounds did salve apply.  
Terry and Osile, in their joys abound,  
And gratefully to Guy all things do give :  
Be thou ( said they ) in life and death renown'd,  
Whom we will honour, while we breathing live ;  
Hold, here's my hand ( quoth Terry ) worthy Guy,  
In fight for thee, I will be proud to die.

Guy takes Earl Terries Fathers part,  
and kills the duke his foe.  
With Sword destroys a cruel Boar.  
prevailing danger so.

### CANTO VIII.

**N**OW Titans Horses with his fiery Carr,  
Had brought the day to darkness in the West ;  
And Vesper, the silver shining Starr,  
Which doth adorn the Skies at evening best

## The Famous History

Appear'd as bright as *Cynthia* in her Sphere,  
To welcome sable-nights approaching near.  
When *Terry*, *Gay* and *Osile* wanting guide,  
Did stay about the unfrequented Wood,  
Hearing the Savage noise on every side,  
Of Beasts that thirsted after human blood,  
As Boars, and Bears, and Lyons, and the like,  
Which to their hearts did some amazement strike.  
On every side they cast a heedful eye,  
Still doubting on a sudden, some surprise ;  
At length two armed men they did espy,  
That also listen to those fearful cries ,  
Each had his sword in hand, being ready drawn,  
Knowing that place did yield no dogs would fawn,  
Coming more near, Sir *Herauld* was the one,  
The other even as dearly *Terry's* friend,  
Who with embracements made their gladness known,  
And then the Earl demanded to what end  
His loving Cousin pass'd the desert so?  
My Lord (quoth he) to bring the news of wo.  
Thy noble Father is besieged now  
In his strong Castle, by Duke *Ottens* Power ;  
Who hath Protested by a solemn vow,  
About his ears he will pull down the Tower,  
In a revenge that thou his Love hast got,  
He swears thy Father's life escapeth not.  
His Love ( quoth *Terry* ) prithee *Osile* speak,  
Acquaint this worthy man with thy souls thought  
Have I procur'd thee any faith to break?  
Or been the instigator unto ought  
That is unjust in righteous Heavens sight?  
Ever, ( quoth *Osile* ) thou hast been upright.  
That wretch would force my love from thee away,  
In claiming that I ne're intend to give ;  
I will be thine until my dying day,  
Thou shalt enjoy me all the hours I live :  
*And when I alter this determination,  
Let God and man hold me in deflation.*

## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Well spoke (said Guy) Lady be constant ever, no bloud  
And honour's blemish then thou needst not doubt;  
Keep Love's foundation firm, alter it never,  
It is for Love I range the World about:  
And do expose my life to mortal danger  
In this exiled state, an unknown stranger.  
But Terry, wherefore are thy looks so sad?  
Thou hast thy Love in person to embrace;  
As far as *England* mine is to be had,  
And many years I have not seen her face:  
It were enough to bring my hopes to end,  
But that my patience is a trusty friend.  
My Lord (saith Terry) know you not my grief,  
And heard this messenger relate the cause?  
Oh my distressed Father wants relief!  
I were a Rebel unto Nature's Laws,  
Not to condole with him in his extrem,  
Making his trouble my true sorrows Theme.  
If that be all (quoth he) thou art to blame,  
There is no cause to spend a sigh thereon:  
Ple terrible Duke *Ottens* with my name,  
Let him but hear I come, and he'll be gone.  
Something between us may not be forgot,  
He felt my sword in *France*, but lik'd it not.  
Since that, against my life a plot he laid,  
By Villains that surpriz'd me in a wood,  
But treachery with vengeance was repaid;  
Who ever knew a Traitor's end prove good;  
Accursed haps attend them evermore:  
In Brazen Bull *Perillus* did first roar.  
I will go with thee to defend thy Father,  
(For the oppressed I have vow'd to right)  
And reason moyeth it, so much the rather  
Mine own abuses therewith to requite:  
This opportunity we'll not omit,  
In that occasion fallst thou out to fight.  
Let's hasten on with speed unto the place,  
Preventing mischief ere too far it run,

## The Famous History

Take hold on Time before he turns his face,  
Good proveth best, when it is soonest done ;  
Go like *Enas* with a filial joy,  
To fetch thine old *Anchises* out of *Troy*.  
Couragious Knight ( quoth *Terry* ) thy bold heart  
Cannot be daunted, I perceive, with fear ;  
Compos'd with *Mars* his Element thou art,  
Of powerful limbs, to manage sword and spear;  
My Melancholy thou hast banish'd hence,  
And with strong hope arm'd me in recompence.  
Now all in post they speed themselves away,  
And in short time unto the Castle come,  
Whereas Duke *Ossen* and his forces lay,  
Relying on his Souldiers ample summe ;  
But when the Captains of *Guy's* coming knew,  
They fled by night, and never bad adieu.  
This was discouragement to all the rest,  
To see their Leaders thus give ground and flie.  
Yet the Duke most resolute protest,  
If each man in the Castle were a *Guy*,  
He would not leave it basely and retire ;  
Though life be dear, yet honours place is higher.  
*Terry* ( quoth *Guy* ) we must not tedious be ;  
Experience often hath my Tutor been,  
And taught, that when advantage I do see,  
To fasten on occasion and begin ;  
The enemy by fear himself subdues,  
Add force to that, and victory ensues.  
We will not make our prison in this place,  
As long as there is field-room to be got ;  
'Tis my desire to meet the Duke's good Grace,  
And combat him, because he loves me not ,  
If that you will not leave this house of stone,  
I'll leave you all, and go myself alone.  
And with these words *Herand* and he depart,  
Which when the Castle-soldiers did perceive,  
They gave a shout, Our General thou art,  
Thy honourable steps we will not leave ;

We

## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

We are resolv'd to attend thee still,  
Let Fortune use us, e'en as fortune will.  
And thus most valiant they do march along,  
Giving the onset, fearless to their foe;  
Making those multitudes that seem so strong,  
Retire themselves with slaughtered overthrow;  
But when the Duke perceiv'd his Soldiers flye,  
Perish (quoth he) base Villians, here I'll dye.  
Where is this *English* man that haunts my Ghost,  
And thus pursueth me from place to place?  
I challenge him to come and leave the Host,  
And meet with resolution face to face:  
Let equal envy make his equal match,  
All controversies we will soon dispatch.  
Agreed (quoth *Guy*) proud Foe, I yield consent;  
Repent thy wrongs, and make thy conscience clear;  
For thou hast liv'd to see thy honour spent,  
Which worthy men of all things hold most dear:  
The noble-minded censure him with shame  
That lives to see the death of his good name.  
Then toward each other they did manly make,  
And break their Launces very violent;  
Which being done, their swords in hand they take,  
Fighting untill great store of blood was spent;  
For envy did the Duke's keen weapon whet;  
And on *Guy's* sword revenge an edge did set;  
At length through loss of blood the Duke fell down  
And said, Now fond felicity farewell;  
I am betray'd by Fortune's angry frown,  
And this experience to the world doth tell,  
There's nothing constant that the Earth contains;  
Death deals with Monarchs, as with simple Swains.  
Bewitching vanities, seducing blind us,  
Greatness hath great accounts thereon depending;  
As Death doth leave us, so shall Judgment find us,  
There is no peace unto a happy ending:  
My dying hour yields more repenting grace,  
Than in my life I ever could embrace.

## The Famous History

Th' immortal soul doth with these words depart,  
And leaves the breathless body did contain it;  
While woful passions do afflict *Gny's* heart,  
Now wishing to himself he had not slain it:  
For true humility compassion shows,  
To see affliction overburden woes.  
*Gny* sheath'd his sword, and said, remain thou there  
Until I do arrive on *Englands* shore;  
No further quarrel to the world I bear,  
For love of *Phalice* I will bleed no more;  
From her I have been too too long away,  
And will return to challenge Soldiers pay.  
So thence he rode to find Sir *Heraud* out,  
Making his journey through a desert place,  
Which was obscure, environ'd roundabout  
With shady trees that hid bright *Phabus* face,  
Where suddenly he met the hugest Boar,  
That ever mortal eyes beheld before.  
The Beast came at him most exceeding fell,  
Which he perceiving, stands upon his guard,  
And doth avoid those dreadful Tusks right well,  
Laying upon his swinish head so hard  
That dead he left him, who had many slain,  
For forth that Wood no man came back again.  
When this was done, *Heraud* he overtakes,  
And tells him what a Christmas Brawl he flew,  
Then with his purpose him acquainted makes,  
Which was to bid all foreign parts adieu,  
And see the heavenly object of his heart;  
*Heraud* consents, and they forthwith depart.



## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

To England comes victorious Guy  
and doth fair Phœlice wed;  
At York, presenting Athelstone  
a dreadful Dragons head.

### CANTO IX.

**A** Sifted now by nimble winged Time,  
Guy shapes his course for *England*, and doth leave  
The bold adventures of each foreign Clime,  
Love's just reward from *Phœlice* to receive:  
As *Hercules* twelve labours being past,  
Found time for *Dianer's* love at last.  
*Her aud* and *Guy* no sooner do arrive,  
But news thereof unto the King was brought.  
Who heard of all before they did achieve;  
Which made him much desirous in his thought  
To see such subjects, matchless men alone,  
In honouring *England*, and King *Athelstone*.  
To *York* they go, for there the King was then,  
To whom they did most humble duty show;  
Welcome (quoth he) renowned Martial men;  
My Princely love upon you I bestow;  
Your fortunate success contentment breeds,  
Fame came before and brought us home your deeds.  
*Guy*, thou hast laid a heavy hand we hear  
Upon the necks of Pagans, Infidels,  
And sent them home by fatal Sword and Spear,  
To horrors vault, where unbelievers dwell;  
Devouring Beasts thou likewise hast destroy'd,  
That human Creatures fearful have annoy'd.  
Yet worthy man, I think thou ne'r did slay,  
Of all those Monsters terrible and wild,

A crea-

## *The Famous History*

A creature more cruel, than at this day  
D. stroys what e're he meets, man, woman, child,  
Cattle and all, which no man may withstand,  
A dreadful Dragon in *Northumberland*.  
I speak not this to animate thee on,  
And hazard life at setting foot on shore;  
For divers to destroy this beast have gone,  
But to their Friends never returned more:  
No, I express how happy thou hast been,  
To free like fears that other men were in.  
Dread Lord (quoth he) as I am *English Knight*,  
And faithful unto God, true to my King.  
I will go see if that same beast dare bite,  
For to your Grace his head I mean to bring:  
I found his fellow with a Lyon fighting,  
And made him leave both scratching and his biting.  
And as I dealt with him, I'll deal with this:  
Only I do beseech your Royall Grace,  
Command me some direction where he is,  
And to your Court I'll bring his ugly face,  
Or your mild favour let me never see;  
Dragon or Devil whatsoe're he be.  
So taking humble leave, away he rides  
Unto *Northumberland*, to find the beast;  
Having a dozen Knights which were his guides,  
And brought him where the Dragon held his feast  
Like *Canibal*, that feeds on flesh of men:  
Behold (quoth they to *Guy*) yon Cave's his Den.  
It is enough, said he, do you remain,  
And leave me to go find out *Hidra's* head,  
That never shall devour a man again,  
Who with so many bodies have been fed:  
Here Gentlemen if you will please to stay,  
Sit on your Horses, and behold our fray.  
Coming unto the Cave, the Dragon spies him,  
And forth he stalks with lofty speckled brest  
Of dreadful form: as soon as ere *Guy* eyes him,  
His Launce he speedy set unto his wrest;

Then

## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Then spurs to Horse, and then at Dragon makes,  
That bearing ground at the encounter shakes.  
Then very lightly *Guy* returns his Horse,  
And comes upon him with redoubled might :  
The Dragon meets him with resisting force,  
And like a Reed, his Launce in two did bite :  
Nay then ( quoth *Guy* ) if to such bites you fall,  
I have a tool to pick your teeth withal.  
Then drew his Sword ( a keen and massie blade )  
And fiercely struck with furious blows so fell,  
That many wide and bloody wounds he made,  
Which caus'd the Dragon yawn, like mouth of hell ;  
Roaring aloud with a most hideous sound,  
And with his claws, all rent and tore the ground.  
Impatient of the smart he did sustain,  
He thought with wings to raise himself aloft,  
But with a stroke *Guy* brought him down again,  
And ply'd him with the edge of steel so oft,  
That down he fell in dirty blood bewray'd ;  
And forth his wide devouring Oven bewray'd :  
A stake of fire seemed to issue thence,  
While *Guy* was hewing off his ugly head.  
Now fiend ( quoth he ) thou hast thy recompence :  
For all the human blood thy jaws have shed ;  
Upon a part of this same broken spear,  
Thy filthy face unto the King I'll bear.  
The Knights ( with joy exceeding ) take a view  
Of that same fearful creature, strange of shape :  
Admiring at his ugly form of hiew,  
With wonderment, that mortal could escape  
Those teeth and claws, so dreadful, sharp and long,  
Compos'd by nature in a Beast so strong.  
When they had fix'd the head upon a spear,  
And measur'd out the bodies length direct :  
Unto the King at *Lincoln*, they it bear,  
Who *Guy's* return with longing did expect.  
God shield ( quoth he ) and save me from all evil,  
Here is a face may well out-face the Devil.

What

## The Famous History

What staring Eyes of burning-glass be those  
That might (alive) two flaming beacons seem?  
What scales of Harness arm that crooked nose  
And teeth? none such had *Cerberus* I deem;  
What yawning mouth, and forked tongue is there  
That being dead, may make the living fear?  
Victorious Knight, thy actions we admire,  
And place thee highly in our Kingly love;  
Throughout the spacious Orb thy Fame aspire,  
More lofty than the Supream Sphere doth move:  
To the succeeding ages of thy Land,  
I will remember thy victorious Hand.  
Which shall be thus, the Monster's picture wrought  
On cloth of Arras artificial well;  
And unto *Warwick* we will have it brought,  
There to remain, and after-ages tell,  
That worthy *Guy*, a man of matchless strength,  
Destroy'd a Dragon thirty foot in length.  
And place his head here on the Castle wall,  
For memory, till years do ruin it:  
And Nobles make triumphant Festival,  
Afford our Knight all honour doth besit;  
*Troy's Hector's* dead, and can no more atcheive,  
But *England's Hector* still remains alive.  
By this report (the only Linguist living)  
Hath been with *Phelice*, for to make her glad,  
Such Fame and Glory to her Lover giving,  
As never greater any Worthy had;  
Tells all the deeds of wonder he hath done,  
From the first action that his hand begun.  
*Phelice* impatient of his wished sight,  
Speeds towards *Lincoln*, like light *Salmacis*,  
Where joyfully she entertains her Knight  
With *Juno's* kind embrace, and *Venus* kiss:  
*Guy* with requital makes his gladness known,  
And in his arms he now enjoys his own.  
Forgetful Love, and too too slow (quoth she)  
I fear'd thou didst not mind thy dearest friend;

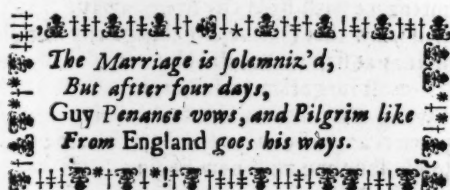
What,

## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

What, seek a Dragon, ere thou look for me ;  
And hazard life, before thou come or send  
To know if I remain in happy state ?  
Some jealous woman would suppose 'twere hate.  
But sure I do not, though I speak my heart,  
And wish I had been first thou saw'st on shore :  
Guy ! Welcome to thy *Phelice* now thou art :  
Thou never shalt go forth a fighting more :  
No, thou hast fought too much, thy looks bewray  
Stern countenance hath stoln thy smiles away.  
But love will learn thee ( Love ) to change thy face ;  
And frame it as at first when I did chuse it ;  
'Thou hast almost forgotten to embrace ;  
I like that well, it seems thou didst not use it  
In Foreign parts abroad , where thou hast been ;  
But that lost lesson thou must new begin.  
I will ( quoth he ) dear Love, and ply my book,  
And kils my Lesson on thy Coral lip :  
Tell me but only when I am mistook,  
In reading rashly, if I over-skip,  
Or be too negligent in taking pain,  
Why turn me back to conn my gear again.  
But Lady, one exception I will make,  
What line soever you do put me to,  
The Horn-book of all other I'll forsake :  
For willingly I would not have to do  
With that Cross-row, cross upon many, when  
Women doth teach it unto married men.  
Kind Sir ( quoth she ) content, I'll never chuse it,  
It fits two sorts, a Courtezan, a Child ;  
Once as the latter simply I did use it ,  
But for the other, rather be beguil'd,  
Than to deceive, the second Horn-book's naught  
Teach it not me, and it shall ne're be taught ;  
Guy smil'd and said, then let us *Warwick* see,  
Of all the world the place that I love best ,  
Because it had the bringing up of thee ;  
And there first with thy beauty I was blest.

## The Famous History

I love the Castle, and the Castle-Ground,  
Where first thy *Venus*-face alone I found.  
Let's hasten on to hear this sacred voice,  
*I* Guy take *Phelice* to my wedded Wife;  
And thou repeat, *I likewise am thy choice*,  
*Till death depart us, ev'n so long as life*.  
And then the next will be, *God give us joy*,  
*And send my Fathers Heir a gallant Boy*.


  
The Marriage is solemniz'd,  
But after four days,  
Guy Penance vows, and Pilgrim like  
From England goes his ways.

### CANTO IX.

**T**He happy day (that Lovers long expect)  
Is now obtain'd, to give desire rest:  
And all the honours *Hymen* can effect,  
He frank bestows to grace the Wedding feast.  
For *Athelstone* and his renowned Queen,  
At this great Nuptial in their pomp were seen:  
The Nobles rich and costly attire,  
With worthy Knights and Gentlemen beside,  
Ladies of Honour (as their lives require)  
Attend upon the beautiful fair-fac'd Bride.  
There wanted nothing (wit of man could find)  
To please the eye, or to content the mind.  
Masques, mid-night Revels, Tilt and Turnament,  
Acting of ancient Stories, stately Shows,  
Banquets might give great *Jupiter* content;  
Where Cups of *Nectar* plenty overflows,  
Abundant all things, with a plenty hand,  
As if a King himself should feast the Land.

Soon



## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Soon after all these things were consummate,  
Earl *Roband* (*Phalice* worthy Father) dies;  
And to his Son bequeaths the whole Estate  
Of Earldom, Lordship, all his Land is *Guy's*;  
Who is created Earl of *Warwick* then,  
In Honour's rank, with *England's* Noble men,  
But in the Glory of his high applaud,  
Enjoying all that did partake delight;  
When every tongue his Fame and Fortune's laud,  
Himself converts the Sun shine days to night;  
Bethinking what the world may judge be thought,  
And deeming all but vain that he had sought.  
Oft would he sit and meditate alone,  
In looking back what steps his youth had trod:  
Then to himself with sighs and grievous grone,  
Cry Pardon me, thou just incensed God;  
I have done nothing for to purchase Grace,  
But spent my time about a womans face.  
For Beauty bloody through the world I ran,  
In pride of heart preferring *Phalice* Feature:  
For beauty I have ended many a man,  
Hating all other for one mortal creature:  
For Beauty I have pawn'd my utmost power;  
But for my sins not spent one weeping hour.  
My *Nunquam sera* I will now begin,  
And vow to spend the remnant of my days  
In contrite penance for my former sin,  
That God may pardon all the erring ways  
Which flesh and body were deceived by;  
Unto the world I will go learn to dye.  
Let me be censur'd even as mortals please,  
I'll please my God in all things may be done:  
Ambitious pride hath been my youths disease;  
I'll teach Age meekness ere my Glass be run:  
And change my voice, wealth, beauty, world, farewell,  
To purchase Heaven I will go pass through Hell.  
*Phalice* perceives his melancholly state,  
And coming to him, doth most mildly woo;

## The Famous History

My Lord ( quoth she ) why are you chang'd of late ?  
As I share joy, let me bear sorrow too :  
If I in ought have mov'd you to offence,  
I will with tears perform due recompence.  
No, my dear Love ( quoth Guy ) no cause in thee,  
'Tis with my self I discontented strive :  
By light of Grace my Nature's faults I see,  
That am as dead, although I seem alive :  
*Phelice*, my sins, my countless sins appear,  
Crying *Repent*, thy guilty conscience clear.  
I must deal with thee as *Bavarus* dealt  
( A Prince of *Rome* ) with *Sygunda* his wife,  
Who ( from a deep impression he felt )  
Vow'd Chastity perpetual all his life.  
Intreating thee ( even as thou lov'st my soul )  
To pardon me, not urging by controul.  
Hast thou not heard what *Ethelfrida* did,  
A Christian woman sometimes *Englands* Queen :  
Is *Edelibrudis* act of chaste life hid,  
A Princess likewise, and matchless doth seem ;  
The first with child, no more of lust would taste,  
The second caus'd two husbands both live chaste.  
And canst not thou ( the Phoenix of a Realm )  
By imitation win immortal praise ;  
Leaving thy Vertues and admired Theam,  
To the succeeding Age of Iron-days ?  
I know thou canst, thy greater part's Divine,  
Where most is carnal, 'twill to flesh incline.  
Thou didst procure (although I do excuse it)  
My pride by Conquests to attain thy love :  
God gave me valour, I did vain abuse it ;  
My heart and thoughts aspired far above  
The Crowns and Scepters of most potent Kings,  
I held their Diadems inferior things.  
But now I gather in a total sum,  
Such follies, and condemn them all to die :  
A man of other fashion I'll become ;  
Some better travels for my soul to try,

## of Guy Earle of Warwick.

Not as before, in armour on my Steed,  
But in a Gown of gray, a Palmers weed.  
Obscure my journey, for I'll take no leave,  
But only leave my endless love to thee:  
Here is my ring, this memory receive,  
And swear the same, to make thee think on me.  
Let me have thine which for thy sake I'll keep,  
Till death close up these eyes with his dead sleep,  
When this was spoke, how she did wring her hands.  
With sighs and tears, may be well deemed much;  
Yet wondrous meekly, nothing countermands;  
For the devotion of that age was such,  
To hold them blessed, could themselves retire  
To solitude, and leave the worlds desire.  
Now is his Princely Clothing laid away,  
Wherein he glitter'd like the glorious sun;  
And his best habit, homely Countrey-gray,  
Such as the poor plain people term home-spun,  
A Staff, a Scrip, a Scollop-shell in's hat,  
Not to be known, nor once admired at.  
And thus with pensive heart, and doleful tears,  
He leaves the fairest Creature *England* had;  
Who in her Face a Map of sorrow wears,  
A countenance compos'd all mournful, sad;  
Like unto one had banish'd all delight,  
Wishing for slumbers of eternal night.  
*Guy* journeys, towards the sanctified Ground,  
Whereas sometimes the *Jews* fair City stood:  
In which our Saviour's Sacred Head was crown'd,  
And where for sinful men he shed his blood:  
To see the Sepulcher was his intent,  
The Tomb that *Joseph* unto *Jesus* lent.  
With tedious miles he tir'd his weary feet,  
And pass'd desert places full of danger;  
At last with a most woful Wight did meet,  
A man that unto sorrow was no stranger,  
For he had fifteen Sons made captive all  
To slavish bondage in extreamest Thrall.

## The Famous History

Who in a castle, which he held and chain'd them,  
*Guy* question'd where; and understands at length.  
 The place not far; lend me thy sword (quoth he)  
 I'll lend my man-hood all thy Sons to free,  
 With that he goes, and lays upon the door,  
 Like him that says, I must and will come in:  
 The Giant never was so rous'd before,  
 For no such knocking at his gate had been;  
 So takes his Club and Keys; and cometh out,  
 Staring with ireful Countenance about.  
 Sirrah (quoth he) what business hast thou here?  
 Art come to feast the Crows about these Walls?  
 Didst never hear, no ransom could him clear,  
 That in the compass of my fury falls?  
 For making me to take a Porters pain,  
 With this same Club I will dash out thy brains.  
 Sirrah (quoth *Guy*) y' are quarrelsome I see,  
 Choler and you seem very near of kin:  
 Dangerous at the Club be-like you be,  
 I have been better arm'd, though now go thin:  
 But shew thy utmost hate, enlarge thy sprite,  
 Here is a weapon that must do me right.  
 So draws his sword, salutes him with the same  
 About the head, the shoulders, and the side,  
 While his erected Club did death proclaim,  
 Standing with huge *Colossus* spacious stride:  
 Putting forth vigour to his knotty beam,  
 That like a furnace he did smok extrem:  
 But on the ground he spent his strokes in vain,  
 For *Guy* was nimble to avoid them still:  
 And ever e're he heav'd his Club again,  
 Did brush his plated Coat against his will:  
 At such advantage he would never fail  
 To bang him soundly in his shirt of Mail.  
 At length through thirst *Amurath* feeble grew,  
 And said to *Guy*, Art thou of humane race,  
 Shew it in this, Give Nature's wants their due;  
 Let me but go and drink in yonder place:

Thou

## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Thou canst not yield unto a smaller thing,  
Than to grant life that's given by the spring.  
I grant thee leave ( Quoth *Guy* ) go drink thy last  
To pledge the Dragon, and the Savage Boar:  
Succeed the Tragedies which they have past,  
But never think to drink cold water more,



*A Giant called Anarant,  
Guy valiantly destroyes;  
VWhereby wrong'd Ladies, captiue Knights,  
Their liberty enjoys.*

Drink

## The Famous History

Drink deep to death, and after that Carouse,  
Bld him receive thee in his earthen house.  
So to the spring he goes, and slakes his thirst,  
Taking the water in extreemly, like  
A wrecked Ship, that on some Rock is burst,  
When forced bulk against the Stones doth strike;  
Scooping it in so fast with both his hands  
That *Guy* admiring to behold it stands.  
Come on (quoth he) let us to work again,  
Thou art about thy Liquor over long,  
The Fish that in the River do remain,  
Will want thereby, thy drinking doth them wrong;  
But I would see their satisfaction made,  
With Giants blood they must and shall be paid.  
Villian (quoth *Amarant*) I'll crush thee straight,  
Thy Life shall pay thy daring tongues offence;  
This Club (which is about an hundred weight)  
Is Deaths Commission to dispatch thee hence,  
Dress thee for Ravens diet I must needs,  
And break thy bones as they were made of reeds.  
Incensed much by these bold Pagans boasts,  
Which worthy *Guy* could ill indure to hear:  
He hews upon those big supporting posts,  
That like two pillars did the body bear;  
*Amarant* (for them wounds) in choler grows,  
And desperately at *Guy* his Club he throws.  
Which did directly on his body light;  
So violent, and weighty therewithall,  
That down to ground on sudden came the Knight,  
And ere he could recover from the fall,  
The Giant got a Club again in's fist,  
And struck a stroke that wonderfully mist.  
Traitor (quoth *Guy*) thy falsehood I'll repay,  
This Coward art, to intercept my blood;  
Says *Amarant*, I'll murder any way,  
With enemies all vantages are good;  
Oh! Could I poyson in thy nostrils blow,  
Thou should'st be sure I would dispatch thee so.



## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

'Tis well (said *Guy*) thy honest thoughts appear,  
Within that beastly bulk do Devils dwell,  
Which are thy Tenants while thou livest here,  
But will be Land-lords when thou com'st in Hell:  
Vile miscreant, prepare thee for their Den;  
Inhuman Monster, hateful unto men,  
But breathe thy self a time, while I go drink,  
For flaming *Phœbus* with his fiery eye  
Torments me so with burning heat, I think  
My thirst would serve to drink an Ocean dry:  
Forbear a little, as I dealt with thee.  
Quoth *Amarant*, thou hast no fool of me;  
No silly Wretch, my Father taught more wit,  
How I should use such enemies as thou:  
By all my gods I do rejoyce at it,  
To understand that thirst constrains thee now:  
For all the treasure that the world contains,  
One drop of water shall not cool thy veins.  
Relieve my Foe! it were a mad mans part,  
Refresh an adversary to my wrong!  
If thou imagine this, a child thou art:  
No fellow, I have known the world too long  
To be so simple; now I know thy want,  
A minutes space of breathing I'll not grant.  
And with these words heaving aloft his Club,  
Into the air he swings the same about;  
Then shakes his locks, and doth his temples rub,  
And like the *Cyclops* in his pride did strut.  
*Sirrah* (said he) I have you at a list,  
You now are come unto your latest thirst.  
Perish for ever, with this stroke I send thee,  
(A medicine will do thy thirst much good)  
Take thou no care for drink before I end thee,  
And then we'll have carouses of thy blood;  
Here's at thee with a Butcher's down-right blow,  
To please my fury with thine overthrow.  
Infernal, false, obdurate Fiend (*Guy* said)  
That seem'st an Imp of cruelty from Hell;

## *The Famous History*

Ingrateful Monster, since thou hast deny'd,  
The things to me wherein I us'd thee well:  
With more revenge than e're my sword did make,  
On thy accursed head revenge I'll take.  
Thy Giants longitude shall shorter shrink,  
Except thy Sun scorcht skin be weapon-proof;  
Farewel my thirst, I do disdain to drink;  
Streams keep your water to your own behoof:  
Or let wild beasts be welcome thereunto,  
With those pearl-drops I will not have to do.  
Hold Tyrant, take a taste of my good will,  
For thus I do begin my bloody bout;  
You cannot chuse but like the greeting ill,  
It is not that same Club will bear you out;  
And take this payment on thy shagged crown;  
A blow that brought him with a vengeance down.  
Then Gay set foot upon the Monsters brest,  
And from his shoulders did his head divide;  
Which with a yawning mouth did gape, unblest,  
No Dragons jaws were ever seen more wide.  
To open and to shut, till life was spent;  
So Gay took's keys, and to the Castle went.  
Where many woful captives he did find,  
That had been tryed with extremities,  
Whom he in friendly manner did unbind,  
And reason with them of their miseries:  
Each told a tale with tears and sighs, and cries,  
All weeping to him with complaining eyes.  
There tender Ladies in dark Dungeon lay,  
That were surpris'd in the desert Wood;  
And had no other diet every day,  
Than flesh of humane creatures for their food:  
Some with their Lovers bodies had been fed,  
And in their Wombs, their Husbands buried.  
Now he bethinks him of his coming there,  
To enlarge the wronged brethren from their woes;  
And as he searched, both great clamours hear,  
By which sad sounds direction, on he goes,

Until

## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Untill he finds a darksome obscure Gate,  
Arm'd strongly over all with iron-plate :  
That he unlocks, and enters, where appears  
The strangest object that he ever saw ,  
Men, that with famishment of many years,  
Were like deaths picture which the Painters draw.  
Divers of them were hanged by each thumb,  
Others head downward, by the middle some.  
With diligence he takes them from the walls,  
With Liberty their Thralldom to acquaint :  
Then the perplexed Knight, their Father calls,  
And says, Receive thy sons, though poor and faint,  
I promis'd you their lives, accept of that,  
But did not warrant you they should be fat.  
The Castle I do give thee, here's the keys,  
Where Tyranny for many years did dwell :  
Procure the gentle tender Ladies ease.  
For pity sake use wronged women well.  
Men eas'ly may revenge the deeds men do ;  
But poor weak women have no strength thereto.  
The good old man, even overjoy'd with this,  
Fell on the ground, and would have kiss'd *Guy's* feet,  
Father ( quoth he ) refrain so base a kiss,  
For age to honour youth I hold unmeet :  
Ambitious pride hath hurt me all it can,  
I go to mortifie a sinful man.

## The Famous History

Guy on his journey doth proceed,  
 with painful Pilgrims life,  
 While Warwicks Countess lives in tears  
 a chaste and loyal Wife.

### CANTO XI.

**B**Ehold the man that fought contentions out,  
 whose recreation was in angry arms,  
 And for his *Venns* rang'd the world about,  
 To find out dreadful combats, fierce alarms:  
 From former disposition alienate,  
 Shuns all occasion may procure debate.  
 In his own wrongs by vow he will not strike,  
 Let injury impose what strife can do,  
 Abuses shall not force him to dislike,  
 For he hath now fram'd Nature therunto:  
 And taken patience by the hand for's guide,  
 To lead his thoughts where meekness doth abide.  
 No worldly joy can give his mind content;  
 Delights are gone, as they had never been:  
 His only care is, how he may repent  
 His spending youth about the serving sin;  
 And fashion Age to look like contrite sorrow,  
 That little time to come, which life doth borrow,  
 His looks were sad, complexion pale and wan,  
 His diet of the meanest, hard and spare:  
 His life he led like a Religious man,  
 His habit poor and homely, thin and bare;  
 His dignities and honour were forgot,  
 His *Warwicks* Earldom he regarded not.  
 Sometimes he would go search into a grave,  
 And there he finds a rotten dead mans skull;

And

## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

And with the same a conference would have,  
Examining each vanity at full,  
And then himself would answer for the head,  
His own objection in the dead mans stead.  
If thou hast been some Monarch, where's thy crown,  
Or who in fear of thy stern looks do stand?  
Death hath made Conquest of my great renown,  
My golden Scepter, in a fleshly hand,  
Is taken from me by another King,  
And in dust am made a rotten thing.  
Hast thou been some great Counsellor of State,  
Whose potent wit did rule a mighty Realm?  
Where is the policy thou hadst of late?  
Consum'd and gone, even like an idle dream.  
I have not so much wit as will suffice,  
To kill the worms that in my Coffin lies:  
Perhaps thou wast some beautiful Ladies face,  
For whom right strange adventures have been wrought,  
Even such, as (when it was my loving case)  
For my dear kindest *Phoebe* I have sought.  
Perhaps about this skull there was a skin  
Fairer than *Helen's* was inclosed in.  
And on this scalp so wormy eaten bare,  
(Where nothing now but bone we may behold)  
Where Natures ornaments, such locks of hair,  
As might induce the eye to deem them gold;  
And chrystal Eyes in those two hollow caves;  
And here such lips, as love, for kissing craves.  
But where's the substance of this beauty sent,  
So loving, precious in the sight of men?  
With powerful death unto the dust is went;  
Grew loathsome, filthy, came to nothing then.  
And what a picture of it doth remain,  
To tell the wise, *All beauty is but vain*.  
Such memories he often would prefer,  
Of mortal frailty and the force of death:  
To teach the flesh how apt it is to err,  
And post repentance off till latest breath:

Thus

## The Famous History

Thus would he in the worlds contempt reprove  
All that seduce the soul from heavenly love.  
Now for a while reverse your vows of wo,  
For one sad subject to behold another,  
To see new sorrow back to *England* go,  
And to long absent years commit the other:  
Leave doleful *Guy* to aged grief and cares,  
And look on *Phelice*, how his Lady fares  
Like to a widow, all in black attire,  
She doth express her inward doleful mind:  
A Chamber-prison is her chief desire,  
Where she to passion wholly is inclin'd.  
She that of late was pride of *English* Court,  
With Majesty no longer will consort,  
But lives a life like one despis'd life's being;  
And every day unto the world did die,  
With judgment's eyes far into folly seeing,  
And noting well, how fast false pleasures lie;  
Leaving for every taste of vain delight,  
A greater heap of cares than pen can write:  
Her thoughts run after her departed Lord,  
And travel'd in conceit more fast than he:  
What place (quoth she) can rest to thee afford,  
That pilgrim like hath thus forsaken me;  
Oh sad laments! my soul your burthen bears,  
To think poor *Guy* remembers me in tears.  
Methinks he sits now by a River side,  
And swells the water with his weeping eyes:  
Methinks that, *Phelice*, *Phelice*, loud he cry'd,  
And charg'd *Eccho* bear it through the skies;  
Then rising up he runs with might and main,  
Saying, sweet *Eccho* bring my love again.  
Then comes he to a Cypress Tree, and says,  
*Sylvanus*, this was once the lovely Boy,  
Whom thou for feature to the Clouds didst praise,  
But here's thy senseless and transformed joy:  
'Tis nothing now but boughs and leaves, and tree,  
And made to wither, as all beauties be.

And



## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

And then methinks he sits him sadly down,  
And on his bending knees his elbow stays,  
With head in hand, saying, Farewel renown,  
Vanish vain pleasures of my youthful days ;  
My true repentance do you all displace ;  
A happy end brings sinful souls to grace.  
Ah worthy man that thus canst mortifie  
The Rebel flesh, to conquer *Adams* nature,  
And for the gaining of Eternity,  
Dost live on earth, as if an earthly creature ;  
Dead and alive, old and new-born again,  
True Valiant *Guy*, that hath the Devil slain.  
As thy advice was when thou didst depart,  
That I should live a Vestal Virgins life ;  
Although when I was Maid, by Lovers art  
Thou didst perswade me to become a Wife :  
I vow by Heaven's, and all the Pow'rs Divine,  
To keep my thoughts as constant, chaste as thine.  
My beauty I will blemish all I may,  
With tears, and sighs, and doleful lamentation ;  
By abstinence I will attain the way  
To overcome the force of sins temptation :  
This sentence have I often read and seen,  
*A womans chastity is Virtues Queen.*  
*Ceres* and *Bacchus* I will careful shun,  
Foes to *Diana*, Friends to *Venus* ever ;  
Unto licentious life they teach us run,  
And with sobriety associate never,  
Spare Diet shall become my daily fare,  
The soul thrives best to keep the body bare.  
The Courtly ornament I wore of late,  
In honour of King *Atholsons* fair Queen,  
Ev'n all those Jewels and those Robes of State,  
Wherein so often I was glorious seen,  
Shall with their price and value now supply  
Those naked poor that in the streets do lie.  
The Gold and Silver that I do possess,  
About good works shall all imployed be ;

## The Famous History

The purchase of eternal happiness  
Is of all wealth most precious unto me ;  
All that in want to *Warwick* Castle come,  
And crave relief, I will afford them some.  
For halt, and lame, and blind, I will provide  
Some Hospital, with Land to be maintain'd ;  
For widows, and poor fatherless beside,  
That their necessities may be sustain'd ;  
For young Beginners their Estates to raise ;  
And for repairing of decay'd High-ways.  
This I account to be the Heavenly thrift,  
Lay up your Treasure where it cannot rust ;  
And give the riches we receive by gift ;  
As each good Steward is enjoyn'd he must :  
That after this short stinted life's decay,  
We may have life an everlasting day.  
Rejected World, thus do I take my leave  
With thee, and all things thou do'st most esteem :  
Thy shews are snares, and all thy hopes deceive,  
Thy goodness is but only good to seem :  
Of thy false pleasures, I as much have seen,  
As she that bears the Title of a Queen.  
Oh that I were in such unknown disguise,  
( Attending on my *Gay* where ere he be )  
As once the King *Salpiscia* did devise,  
His *Lentulus* in banishment to see !  
Or *Hypsicrata* like, in mans attire  
Following her exil'd King, through Love's desire,  
I would something ease my sorrow wounded heart,  
So to divide the burthen of unrest,  
For where affliction take afflictions part,  
In hard extreams some comfort is express.  
Misery is more easie to abide,  
When friends with friends their crosses do divide.  
But all in vain I wish'd, would God I were ;  
Or thus, or thus, I thought avails my woe ;  
Though starving thoughts do wander here and there,  
My poor weak body knows not where to go.

Unto

## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Unto the Holy-Land I heard him say  
God send me thither at my dying day.  
I will about my vows, and see them paid,  
To do the good that Charity requires:  
When grace to works of virtue does perswade,  
'Tis blessedness to further such desires.  
And while on earth I do a sinner dwell,  
I'll strive to please my God with living well:  
In this resolve, that life she entertains,  
Performing all the course she had propounded,  
And such severity therein explains,  
Her sex with wonder rests amaz'd, confounded,  
To see so rare a beauty, rich, high-born,  
Hold all worlds pleasures in contempt and scorn.  
For no perswading friend that she would hear,  
Which motion'd company or recreation;  
Unto their speech she would not lend an ear,  
That sought to alter her determination:  
But such as came, and of compassion spake,  
She did relieve for blessed Jesus sake.  
Her wandering Lord from Land to Land repairs,  
To seek out places Pilgrims do frequent:  
By careful years turn'd into silver hairs;  
Exceeding chang'd with grief and languishment:  
(For sorrow gives a man more ancient look  
Than elder time, which lesser cares have took).  
His old acquaintance in those foreign parts,  
That had before most worthy actions seen,  
Right bold adventures of his long deserts,  
Had lost Sir Guy, as he had never been.  
Those that in Armour knew his Martial face,  
Did not expect him in a Friars case.  
Amongst the rest to whom he had been known,  
He met Earl Terry banish'd to exile:  
Each unto other being strangers grown,  
Through sorrow, which the senses do beguile,  
They had forgot that ere they saw each other,  
Yet Guy was Terry's, Terry Guy's sworn brother:

## The Famous History

Having related how their Travels grew,  
One's voluntary, t' other's by constraint;  
In taking leave with courtesies adieu,  
Oh English man (saith Terry, sighing faint)  
I had a friend, a Countrey-man of thine,  
Was Justice Champion to great wrongs of mine,  
Tyranny to the free, the durst, the bold;  
And stamp his foot upon oppression's neck;  
Tell me, dear friend, hast thou not heard of *Guy*,  
That had a hand to help, in sword & check;  
I have (quoth he) and knew him many years;  
*Guy Warwick's Earl*, is one of *England's* Peers;  
What is thy name, *Terry* (quoth he) I high,  
Greater by birth than fortune makes me seem.  
*Terry* (said he) I vow to do thee right  
In what I may, my poor good will esteem:  
To human thought my nature doth agree,  
Thou lov'st my friend, I must of force love thee.  
Direct me to the man exil'd thee thus,  
I'll take thy part as far as strength extends;  
If *Guy* himself were here to joyn with us,  
He could but say: *Illaventure's life and friends*.  
And be assured, though I simple be,  
I oft have had as good success as he;  
*Terry* with loving thanks his love requites,  
And brings him to his Foe, whom he defies,  
And valiant with his adverse Champion fights,  
Till mortal wounded at his feet he dies;  
Yet 'twas a man suppos'd of matchless worth,  
That for that Combat they had singled forth.  
When this was done, the Earl demands his name:  
Pardon (quoth he) that were against a vow;  
To no man living I'll reveal the same,  
For I have changed name and nature now;  
Nature's corruption I do strive to leave,  
A new regeneration to receive.  
Farewel my friend, ev'n as my soul would fare,  
If we ne'er meet on earth, Heav'n be the place;

## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

For idle hours I have none to spare,  
My hairs look gray, they turn to white apace;  
I have great los in short time to redeem;  
A minute's sorrow is of much esteem,  
So he departs towards *Judea's* ground,  
*Samaria* and *Galilee* to see,  
Those parts where Christian Pilgrims so renown'd  
Because their Saviour's choice was there to be,  
Where he did suffer to redeem our los;  
Ev'n from the Cratch unto the bloody Cross.  
Much time he spends and many years bestows,  
From place to place about this holy Land,  
That all his friends in *England* do suppose,  
Now death of him hath got the upper-hand:  
For no report came that could ere relate  
His life, his being, or his present state.  
This put the world to silence, men were mute,  
Concerning *Guy* they knew not what to say.  
The dreadful Champion in the armed suit,  
Was never known nor fear'd in simple gray,  
But did endeavour all that ere he might,  
Never to be reveal'd to any Wight:  
For unto none he would his name disclose,  
Nor tell direct what Countrey-man he was;  
Nor of his noble mind make any shows,  
But strive in all things most obscure to pass,  
Until by native love his mind was led,  
To come and lay his bones where he was bred.

**K. 14** of *Guy*

# The Famous History

Guy after many years comes home,  
To England for his grave,  
Kills Colbrond the great Giant, and  
Dies poorly in a Cave.

## CANTO XII.

**E**V'n as the brightest glorious shining-day  
Will have a night of darkness to succeed;  
Which takes the pride of Phabus quite away,  
And makes the Earth to mourn in sable weed:  
Presenting us with drowsie heavy sleep,  
Death's memory in careful thoughts to keep:  
So youth the day of Nature's strength and beauty,  
Which had a splendor like fair Heaven's eye,  
Must yield to age by a submissive duty,  
And grow so dark, that life of force must dye,  
When length of years brings ancient evening on,  
Irrevocable time is passing gone.  
This cogitation in Guy's breast appears,  
By his returning from the Holy Land;  
He finds himself to be a man in years,  
And that his Glass had but a little sand  
To run, before his date of life expire,  
Therefore to England he doth back retire,  
There to be buried where he had been born,  
Was all the cause that did induce him back:  
To end his evening where he had his morn,  
In doleful colours of a dead man's black:  
And let that body rest in English ground,  
Which through the world no resting place had found.  
When he arrived on his native shore,  
He found his Countrey in extream distress;



## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

For through the Kingdom armed troops great store,  
Against the Foe was all in readines,  
The King of *Denmark*, whose destroying hand,  
A mighty Army did securely land ;  
And marched from the Coast with devastation,  
Destroying Towns, Villages set on fire ;  
Working such terror unto all the Nation,  
King *Athelstone* was forced to retire  
To *Winchester*. Which when the *Danes* once knew,  
Towards the City all their strength they drew,  
Which was too strong for Spear and Shield to win,  
(Invincible their walls of stone were then )  
They wanted Cannon keys to let them in.  
Hell's picklock powder was unknown to men :  
The Devil had not taught such murdering smook ;  
A Soldier's honour was in manly stroke:  
Beholding now how they repulsed were,  
That *Winchester* by no means could be won :  
They do conclude to summon parly there,  
And with a Challenge have all quarrels done ;  
An *English* man to combat with a *Dane* ,  
And that King lose, that had his Champion slain.  
Wherewith a huge great Giant doth appear,  
Demanding where the Foxes all were crept ;  
Saying, if one dare come and meet me here,  
That hath true valour for his Countrey kept,  
Let him come forth, his manhood to disclose,  
Or else the *English* are but cowards foes.  
Why, very Cravens on their Dunghills dare  
Both crow and strike, before they run and cry ;  
Is *English* Courage now become so rare,  
That none will fight, because they fear to dye ?  
That I pronounce you all faint-hearted fools,  
Afsaid to look on manly martial tools ?  
What slanders I have heard in foreign lands,  
Of those poor men for deeds which they have done !  
Most false they are belied of their hands ;  
But he says true, that says their feet can run ;

They

## The Famous History

They have a Proverb to instruct them in,  
That 'tis good sleeping in a sound whole than,  
Thus did he vaunt in terms of proud disdain,  
And threw his G uarter down, say'ng, There's my glove:  
At length great Guy no longer could refrain,  
Seeing all strain court'ies to expresse their love.



Guy fights to free all England's fear,  
With Colbrond Giant Dane:  
And in Hide-Mead, at Winchester,  
Was that Goliath slain.

But

## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

But comes unto the King, and says, Dread Lord,  
This combat to thy unknown Knight afford;  
Although in simple habit I am hid,  
Yielding no shew of that I undertake,  
I ne're attempted ought but what I did;  
An end of Colbrand, on my soul, I'll make.  
Palmer (quoth Arbolstone) I like thy spire,  
God send thee thither, and He aid thee right.  
His Powerful Hand lend vigour to thy blows,  
And grant thy foot upon thy Foe may tread;  
Amen, quoth Guy, and with great courage goes  
Forth Winchester's North-gate unto Hide-Mead  
Where that same Monster of a man he found,  
Treading at every step two yards of ground.  
Art thou the man (quoth Colbrand) art thou he  
On whom the King will venture England's Crown?  
Can he not find a fitter match for me,  
Than this poor Rascal in a thred-bare Gown?  
Where's all his Knights and worthy Champions now?  
I do disdain so base a Slave as thou.  
Giant, said Guy, Manhood should never rail,  
To breathe the air with blast of idle wind;  
A Soldier's weapon best can tell his tale,  
Thy destiny upon my Sword I find;  
I will let thee bleed, while thou hast drops to bleed,  
And spell thy death for all the Danes to read.  
Thus I begin; and on his armour laid,  
That Colbrand's Coat was never cudgel'd so,  
Who with his Club did watch to meet his blade,  
Intending to have brok'n it with a blow;  
But Guy was sure his sword would hold out play,  
It had been trusted many a cruel fray,  
And therefore boldly he presumes thereon,  
Laying about as fast as he could strive,  
Until the Lubbers breath was almost gone,  
(For with a weighty Club did Colbrand strive)  
Which lighting on the ground, made earth give way,  
As if some Devil did about him lay.

## The Famous History

So long they held this stern and ireful fight,  
That the beholders knew not what to deem,  
Yet still some wounds to *Colbrand's* share did light,  
Which to the English did great comfort seem.  
Besides, their Champion gave encouragement,  
By active carriage, danger to prevent.  
Quoth *Colbrand*, *English* man, wilt thou forbear,  
And sue for mercy, let the fight alone?  
Villain (quoth *Guy*) I scorn thy Coward fear,  
I'll have thy life, or it shall cost mine own:  
We'll never part till one be soundly sped,  
The King hath ventur'd *England* on my head.  
For twenty *Denmarks* (if they might be found)  
And all the wealth that on the Ocean swims,  
I will not yield an inch of *English* ground;  
Thou shalt find metal in these aged limbs:  
Although thy bodie's height be more than mine,  
I have a heart bigger by odds than thine.  
Think on thy ancient Grandfire, *Gogmagog*,  
Whom *Corinens* dealt withall at *Dover*;  
How that same Lubber, like a Timber log,  
Was by the worthy *Britain* tumbled over;  
For his bold challenge, he had such a check,  
There was no Surgeon could amend his neck.  
Thou art deceiv'd in me, poor silly Sor,  
I am untaught to bend submission's knees:  
Hold me no Christian, if I fail a jot,  
(And for the world that title I'll not lose)  
Betake thee to thy Tools, honour thy king,  
Upon thy manhood lies a mighty thing.  
And thus I do encounter thee afresh:  
With that he lent him such a powerful stroke  
It made wide ruptures in the Giant's flesh,  
And did his furious choler much provoke;  
Laying about him in most cruel rage,  
Till the next wound did all his heat assuage,  
It was so mortal that it brought him down,  
To lie and groan upon the bloody ground:

## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Forthwith a shout was heard from out the Town,  
That all the skie did echo to the sound;  
Great joy was made by ev'ry English heart,  
And all the Danes with extream grief depart.  
King *Athelstone* sent for his Champion then,  
To do him honour for his famous deed:  
Who was received by the Clergy-men  
With all solemnity, for such high meed:  
Embraced by the Nobles, and renown'd,  
With Martial Musick, Drum, and Trumpets sound.  
But little pleasure *Guy* conceives herein,  
Refusing Jewels, costly ornaments,  
Saying, with these he out of love had been  
For many years by true experiments:  
Only thanks God, that blest him with an hour,  
To free his Countrey from invading pow'r.  
And so intreats that he may pass unknown,  
To live where poverty regards not wealth,  
And be beholding to the help of none,  
Seeing the world but now and then by stealth.  
*For true content doth such a Treasure bring,  
It makes the begger richer than a King.*  
With true content (said he) I will abide,  
In homely Cottage, free from all resort;  
But I have found, content cannot be spy'd,  
To make abode within a Monarchs Court:  
No there's ambition, pride, and envy seen,  
And sawning flatt'ring stepping still between.  
Yet gentle Palmer (said the King) agree,  
Where-ever thou resolvest to remain:  
Acquaint thy name in private unto me,  
And this is all thy Sovereign will obtain:  
Tell me but who thou art, I will conceal it,  
As I am *England's* King, I'll not reveal it.  
Why then (quoth he) your Grace shall understand  
I am your Subject, *Guy* of *Warwick* named;  
That have these many years not seen your Land,  
But been where youth by ancient age is tamed:  
Yet there experience taught me wit, dread Prince,  
The world of many follies to convince.

L

And

## The Famous History

And now am come to bring my bones to grave,  
Within the Kingdom where I first took life ;  
Yet shall no creature else the notice have  
Of my arrival, not my dearest Wife,  
Till sickness come, and doth my death foretell.  
Then I'll acquaint her with my last farewell.  
The King with joy imbrac'd him in his arms,  
And with great admiration answers thus ;  
Most worthy Earl , freer of *England's* harms,  
It grieves my soul thou wilt not live with us :  
Oh were thy resolutions thoughts, but now,  
That my persuasions might prevent thy vow.  
But, 'tis too late, they are grown ripe, I see  
Thou art too settled in determination ;  
Well, Honour'd man, yet this joys me,  
Thou bring'st thy bones unto thy dearest Nation ;  
Where Monuments of thy great deeds shall last,  
Till after-ages of the world be past.  
In *Warwick* Castle shall thy Sword be kept,  
To witness to the world what thou hast been,  
And least forgetful time should intercept,  
A President, I present will begin ;  
The Castle-keeper shall receive a Fee,  
To keep thy sword in memory of thee.  
Thy Armour likewise, and thy Martial Spear,  
That did thee service in thy high designs,  
Shall be preserv'd very careful there,  
That all such men as have distrustful minds,  
May think ( if from a truth it did not grow )  
A King would scorn to cozen people so.  
And in thy Chappel ( distant thence a mile )  
A bone shall hang of that same cruel beast,  
Which near to *Coventry* remain'd long while,  
Whole rib by measure is six foot at least ;  
Destroying many that did pass that way,  
Until thy manhood did the Savage slay.  
That by tradition, men may speak and tell,  
This was *Guy's* Armour, this his Massie blade ;  
These bones of murdering beasts which men did quell,  
And this the Tomb wherein his Corps where laid.



## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

This the true Picture of his shape at length.  
And this the Spear did oft express his strength.  
For sure I hold it an ungrateful thing,  
(When thou by Natures course in dust shall lie)  
No memory shall cause some Muse to sing  
The worthiness of matchless English Guy :  
Thy Country-men would prove too far unkind,  
When out of sight, they leave thee out of mind.  
This said, in humble duty (wondrous meek)  
Guy reverenceth the King, and so departs,  
Some solitary Den, or Cave to seek,  
Which he unto his Mansion-house converts :  
And solives poorly in the hollow ground,  
Making his meat of herbs and roots he found.  
Sometimes he would to Warwick Castle go,  
And crave an alms at his dear Ladies hand,  
Who unto Pilgrims did more bounty show,  
Than any Noble woman in the Land ;  
And she would ask all Palmers that came there,  
If at the Holy Land they never were ?  
Or in their travels, if they had not seen  
An English man was Lord of that same Tower ?  
Who many years away from hence had been ,  
A Knight ne're conquer'd yet by human Power.  
But there's a Tyrant whom I only fear,  
They call him Death, that murders every where ;  
If he have met him (O my dearest Lord)  
I never shall behold thy face again,  
Till that same Monster do as much afford  
Unto my heart ; and so releate all pain.  
Which gracious Heaven grant, if Guy be dead,  
Upon the earth let me no longer tread.  
Thus did he often hear his Wife enquire,  
With deep complaints from extreame passions flowings ;  
Yet by no means would grant her kind desire  
The comfort of a hopeful word bestowing ;  
But look upon her as his heart would break,  
Then turn away for fear his tongue should speak ;  
And so departs with weeping to his Cell,  
Setting a dead man's head before his eyes :

## The Famous History

Saying, with thee I shortly come to dwell,  
This sinful flesh I constantly despise,  
My soul is weary of so bad a guest,  
And doth desire to be at home in rest.  
My feeble limbs weakness doth sore possess,  
And sickness gripes do touch about my heart;  
I feel I am not far from happiness,  
But am in hope my foe and I shall part;  
This adversary which I long have fed,  
By whom my soul hath been so much misled.  
To my dear *Phalica* I will send my Ring,  
Which I did promise for her sake to keep:  
I may no longer time defer the thing,  
For fear that death prevent me with his sleep;  
I feel his messenger approach apace,  
And poor weak nature must of force give place:  
So call'd a Herds-man as he passed by,  
And said, Good friend, do me a special favour,  
Even in a matter that concerns me high,  
( My hope relies upon thy kind behaviour )  
To *Warwick* Castle speedily repair,  
And for the Countess ask, with trusty care  
Deliver thou this Ring to her own hand,  
And say, the ancient Pilgrim sent the same  
That lately at her Gate with Scrip did stand,  
To beg an alms in blessed Jesus Name.  
And if she ask thee where I do remain,  
Direct her hither, she'll requite thy pain.  
Sir ( quoth the Herds-man ) I shall be asham'd,  
That ne're durst speak to Lady in my life:  
Nay more, and't please you, I may much be blam'd,  
To carry Rings to such a great man's Wife.  
Besides, if I should lose it by the way,  
Why what would you and Madam *Phalica* say?  
Prethee ( said *Guy* ) frame not such idle doubt,  
No prejudice can light on thee at all;  
The act is honest which thou go'st about,  
And for it none can thee in question call:  
A courteous ear the Lady will thee lend,  
Upon my warrant, fear you nothing friend.

## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

With that he goes, and mannerly betakes  
The token, to the Countess ; which she seeing,  
Most admirable wonder at it makes,  
Ah friend ( quoth she ) where is my Husband's being ?  
Husband ( said he ) that news I do not bring,  
From an old Begger I receiv'd the Ring.  
His house was made of neither wood nor stone,  
But under ground into a hole he went :  
And in my conscience there he dwells alone,  
And never pays his Landlord quarters rent.  
Ah 'tis my Guy, she said, shew me his Cell,  
And for thy pains I will reward thee well.  
So he directs *Warwick's* fair Countess thither,  
Who entring in that melancholy place,  
Her Lord and she imbracing, weep together,  
Unable to pronounce a word long space,  
Long time them two had not a word to speak,  
Till *Guy's* discretion Sorrows doer did break :  
*Phelice*, quoth he, now take thy leave of *Guy*.  
That sent to see thee e're his fight decay:  
Within thy arms I do intreat to die,  
And breathe my spirit from thy sweat soul away.  
Thou gav'st me alms at *Warwick* Castle late:  
*'Tis blessedness to pity poor mens state.*  
Look not so strange, bewail not so my Dear ;  
Ah ! weep not Love, I do not want thy tears :  
I have shed plenty since my coming here ;  
Of true Remorie, my conscience witness bears,  
Thou weep'st not now, because I wept no more,  
But to behold me friendless, hapless, poor.  
Wife, I have sought the place that I desire,  
Though few endeavour for eternal rest ;  
The soul which to that Heaven doth aspire,  
Must leave the world, and worldly things detest ;  
'Tis full of Devils that on Souls do wait,  
And full of mates ; in every place some bait.  
Ah *Phelice*, I have spent ( and then he wept )  
Youth ( natures day ) upon the love of thee ;  
And for my God, old rotten age have kept,  
The night natures ; *Christ forgive it me ;*

## The Famous History

Sorrow lies heavy on my soul for this,  
Sweet Saviour Christ, pardon thou my mis.  
In that I had destroy'd so many men,  
Even for one Woman to enjoy thy love;  
Therefore in this solitary Den,  
I sought my peace with that great God above,  
'Gainst whom by sin I have been more mis-led  
Than there be hairs upon my hoary-head.



Guy in repentance poorly lives,  
Obscurely in a Cave;  
Reveal'd to Phælice by a Ring,  
When dearb had digg'd his Grave.

## of Guy Earl of Warwick.

The other day, seeing my Body ill,  
And all the parts thereof opprest with pain,  
I did compose a Testament and Will,  
To be the last that ever I ordain.  
Lo here it is, I'll read it if I can,  
Before I cease to be a living man.

### HIS WILL.

**E**ven in the name of him whose mighty Power  
Created all in Heaven and Earth contained,  
As one to dye this very instant hour,  
I leave the world, and all therein, unfeigned :  
My Soul I give to him that gave it me ;  
Receive it Jesus, as I trust in thee.  
I owe a debt of Life is due to Death,  
And when it's paid him, he can ask no more ;  
A very vapour of a little breath ;  
Would he had had it many years before ;  
But here's my comfort, if he come or stay,  
I'm ready for him ( if he will ) to day.  
I owe the world a stock of wealth is lent,  
When I did enter traffique with the same :  
Lest would have given Nature more content,  
'Tis happiness to want a rich mans name.  
World, leave me naked, as I did begin ;  
I ask but one poor sheet to wrap me in.  
I do bequeath more sins than I can number,  
My deadly evils in a countless sum ;  
Even from my cradle unto death's dead slumber,  
These past, these present, all that are to come,  
To him that made them loads to burthen me,  
Satan, Receive them, for they came from thee.  
I give good thoughts, and every vertuous deed ;  
That every grace hath guided me unto,  
To him from whom all goodness doth proceed,  
For only evil, Nature taught me do :  
I was conceived, bred and born in sin,  
And all my life most vile and vain hath been.  
I give to sorrow all my sighs and cries,



## The Famous History

Fetch from the bottom of a bleeding heart,  
I give repentance, tears, and many eyes,  
The sign unfeigned of true Conversion;  
Earth yield a grave, or Sea become a tomb,  
Jesus unto my Soul grant Heaven-room:  
Phælice, I faint, farewell unto loyal wife,  
Assist me with thy Prayers, thy Husband's dirge,  
I trust to meet thee in a better life,  
Where tears shall wiped be from weeping eyes,  
Come blessed Spirit, come in Jesus Name,  
Receive my Soul, to him convey who stands

And with these words his quiet Spirit departs,  
While mournful Phælice well-nigh dead with woe,  
Her Senses all to sorrow's use converts,  
And too abundant doth her tears bestow,  
Beating her breast, till breath and heart be sore,  
Wringing her hands till she could strive no more,  
Then sighing said, Ah Death! my sorrows cause,  
Thou hast depriv'd me of my dearest Lord:  
Since loathsome air my vital spirits draws,  
This favour for thy Tyranny afford,  
Do me a good to recompence thy ill,  
And strike the stroke that all my cares can kill.  
Let me not live to see to morrow's light,  
But make me cold, bloodless, pale and wan,  
As this dead Carthus doth appear in sight,  
This true description of a mortal man:  
Whose deeds of wonder past and gone before,  
Hath left him now at Death's dark prison-door,  
Kissing his face, with a farewell of tears,  
She leaves the body for the grave to claim,  
And from that place as sad a Soul she bears,  
As ever woman that the world can name,  
Living but fifteen days after his death,  
And then through extream sorrow yieldeth breath

FINIS.



